St. Genevieve's REMEMBERED

1908–1968

HISTORICAL MEMOIR

by

Mother Margaret Potts, RCE

St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA
operated by
The Order of Christian Education
Main
Proposed
Boys' Grammar School

St. Genevieve's Remembered 1908-1968

HISTORICAL MEMOIR
by
Mother Margaret Potts, RCE

1991 Third Printing 2008—In commemoration of the centennial celebration.

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MOTHER SUPERIORS AND/OR COORDINATORS
For St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines, Asheville, North Carolina

1908-1915 – Mother Suzanne Deplanck
1915-1922 – Mother Marie Louise Lorin
1922-1925 – Mother Albertine Foret
1925-1937 – Reverend Mother Marie Louise Lorin
1937-1942 – Reverend Mother Albertine Foret
1942-1945 – Reverend Mother Lucienne Jannin
1945-1953 – Reverend Mother Agnes Sharry
1953-1956 – Reverend Mother Anne Corbett
1956-1958 – Reverend Mother Mabel Monk
1958-1961 – Reverend Mother Marie Terrier
1961-1962 – Reverend Mother Kathleen Galvin
1962-1967 – Reverend Mother Margaret Potts
1967-1970 – Sister Dorothy McGuire
1970-1988 – Sister Elizabeth Landry
1988- Sister Martha Brigham

FOREWORD

This history of St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines in Asheville, North Carolina, the seat of learning for generations of children and young ladies, has been brought to us out of the remarkable memory of Mother Margaret Potts.

It must be noted at the outset that what is recorded here is not intended to be a definitive history of the school or its times, but rather the recollections of a much beloved Sister whose dedication to her faith and to her students covered a period of over fifty years.

Should certain few and minor discrepancies exist in either substance or chronology, one must remember that the whole was taken from tapes which Mother Potts recorded over many months with all of the inherent characteristics of thought and afterthought that are attached to this manner of reporting. As oral history it cannot then represent the more literary written words of this extraordinary lady who encouraged her English students to pursue relentlessly all that made for good writing.

The editing that has been done was only to eliminate repetition, with every effort to preserve the spontaneity and personality of Mother Potts. Though advanced in years when she undertook this memoir, her cheerfulness, energy and enthusiasm have remained intact.

This informal account will have achieved its purpose if it awakens sleeping memories and provides posterity with a picture of a time and place now part of a somewhat distant but treasured past.

Olivia Rhodes Woodin '37

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We must first pay tribute to the historic and enduring school spirit of St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines. It is alive and well and has propelled many alumni and friends whose love and loyalty have made this book possible. We have tried to include the names of all those who have been kind enough to help us with this project and we sincerely apologize if there are any omissions.

"The school history was not my idea," insists Mother Potts, "but during my visit to Asheville in the summer of 1987, the girls persisted and prevailed." Therefore, Mother Margaret Potts recognized the need for St. Genevieve's story to be preserved in printed form. She spent months tapping into her vast memory and mailing her story on taped cassettes from Boston to Asheville.

St. Joseph's Hospital Health Services President, Sister M. Veronica Schumacher, heard our plea for a skilled secretary to transcribe the tapes, and gave us her own secretary, Colleen Epp. Miraculously, Colleen was a convent-bred Catholic from New Zealand, whose ear was attuned to our story. She patiently and cheerfully typed eight tapes on her computer to produce our 100-plus page manuscript. She seemed divinely selected for the job!!!

Then the manuscript was placed in the competent hands of Olivia Rhodes Woodin '37 and a UNC journalism graduate. The book became her daily companion. Over a period of many months, Olivia single-handedly edited the manuscript with painstaking attention to retain its quality of oral history. The final reading is indeed a visit with Mother Potts.

In 1990 Carolina Day School heard about "our book." St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall had merged with Country Day to form Carolina Day School. Headmaster Gilbert Webb formed a core committee headed by Director of Development John Carr, with Jane Barber Turbyfill and Brenda Nash. They encouraged our efforts and offered financial assistance in publishing "St. Genevieve's Remembered" for posterity.

In the negotiations to safeguard our project, we sought legal advice from John F. Shuford whose two daughters and many sisters and nieces adorned St. Genevieve's classes through the years. We are grateful to Mr. Shuford for supervising our necessary legal documents.

The following contributors to our small but essential bank account, the St. Genevieve's History Fund, responded to Mother Potts' Christmas letters and made the book a reality:

Alex Alexander, Ann Steinhart Alvarez-Tabio, Sara Johnson Ashcraft, Nancy Norman Beeler, the Most Reverend Michael J. Begley – retired Bishop of the Diocese of Charlotte, Bunny Darden Betty, William M. Boyd, Marie Harrison Brown, Peggy Freeman Byrd, Ruth Hensley Camblos, Ellen A. Casselberry, Marion Perley Casstevens, Virginia Chakales Alexander, Adrienne Cleere, Elise Cowan Cross, Mrs. B.F. Eshleman, Martha A. Eshleman, Sidney Eshleman, Audrey Johnson Fisher, Keller Cushing Freeman, Marilyn Romieux Freeman, Betty Pollock Golden, Henrietta Milner Gordon, Mary Reynolds Grant, Carolyn Lichtenfels Green, Evelyn M. Hagna, Mary Lou Halldorson, Bette Orr Heedy, Audrey Branch Hoover, Anne Evans Hughes, Margaret Fairlie Kennedy, Ellen Patterson King, Catherine Smith Kinney, Jackie Romieux Lewis, William and Gloria S. Masterman, Harriet Talmadge Mill, Margaret Steinhart Overly, Harriet Pullen Phillips, Kathryn Eshleman Rapier, Sally Lewis Rhoades, Francina M. Rogers, Elia Munoz Tarafa, Edith Lowe Thomas, Frederic B. Viaux (husband of Margarita Samayoa), Adelene Barnett Watts, Col. & Mrs. Joe C. Williams, Olivia Rhodes Woodin, Lillian D. Woodruff and Mary Jane Matros Young.

Photographs were very important to our book and were gathered to represent eight decades of St. Genevieve's history. Treasures were gleaned from Sister Patricia Dolan's SGP scrapbooks and local alumnae dusted off their own collections of school pictures for the cause.

Victorian yearbooks were borrowed, representing all the years of publication beginning with the first Victorian of 1917 owned by Lillian Avery Felthaus Mulvany '17 and kindly contributed by her daughter Joan Mulvany Johnson.

Photographs were carefully copied by Tim Barnwell, a commercial photographer and archivist based in Asheville, who specializes in publications.

Mr. Barnwell worked with Jan Alms, who designed our cover, and Douglas Sherry and The Laser Image, Inc., who designed the book.

Among the alumni and friends who helped in many capacities were: Laura Bryson Abbott, C. Robert Bell, Jr., General Donald V. Bennett, Ann Mitchell Betty, Francisca Howland Cocke, Elise Cowan Cross, Kitty Dixon, Bernard Elias, Sara Elias, Millie Bitter Elmore, Becca Mynatt George, Jo Ann McGowan Grimes, Dorothy Cheek Hammond, Bette Orr Heedy, the late Melanie Huntsman Hudgins, Francis Humphries, Deirdre Morro James, Joan Mulvaney Johnson, Catherine Smith Kinney, Joseph M. Lalley, Jr., Catharine Russell Little, Sally Lyman, Charles MacArthur, Mary Pat MacArthur, Asheville Mayor Ken Michalove, Kathleen Moore, Dasha Morgan, Ann Westall Paine, Marilyn Blomberg Patton, Kay Ramsey Saenger, Susan Briggs Strickland, Jane Barber Turbyfill, Syd Uzzell, Adelene Barnett Watts and Ann H. Westall.

On a personal note, the preparation of this book has been a wonderful experience for me. I have been on a nostalgic journey, remembering those challenging and happy years at our beloved school.

Please enjoy "St. Genevieve's Remembered." It is a memoir for all of us.

Ruth Hensley Camblos '38
Coordinator
January 1992

MOTHER MARGARET POTTS, R.C.E.

Mother Margaret Potts, R.C.E., was born in Cleveland, Tennessee, August 30, 1906.

She enrolled in St. Genevieve's College in the fall of 1924 and was graduated summa cum laude June 1928 after becoming a postulant August 25, 1927.

Her major was in English with a minor in philosophy and her first teaching assignment was the sixth grade. The seventh and eighth grades were soon added, where she taught English and allied subjects.

She made her final vows in 1934 at the Mother House in Tournai, Belgium, and received her Master's degree from the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. in 1935. Her major at the University was in botany with a minor in physics, which required mathematics and science courses not previously studied but which qualified her to teach additional courses in the Academy.

She received the American Educators Medal from the Valley Forge Freedom Foundation in 1967 and was presented the Award of Merit given by the Asheville School for Boys, where both medals remain in the archives as a token of her friendship and esteem.

She resides at present in St. Patrick's Convent, Natick, Massachusetts, where she participates in the Retired Senior Volunteer Program (R.S.V.P.), a branch of ACTION. She is holding her fifth class for senior citizens writing their life stories.

Mother Potts celebrated her Diamond Jubilee August 25, 1989. Over the years she has made an annual summer visit to Asheville where she enjoys and is enjoyed by the Sisters at Madonna Hall and her many friends. Her visits have provided not only the occasion but also the incentive for alumnae from Asheville and neighboring areas and even distant places to gather for reunions which she envisions will blossom each year well into the next century.

In September 1990 Adrienne Cleere '61 enabled Mother Potts to realize the cherished hope of visiting Rome. Their twelve-day stay included attending the weekly general audience with Pope John Paul II.

The blessing of her failing eyes by His Holiness will remain for her a joyous and unrivaled experience.

September 1990

The Watch of St. Genevieve

Long, slow-paced centuries ago
In ancient Gallo-Roman times
Across the fields of peaceful Gaul
The peasants heard the church bell chimes.

They lined the roadway to behold
Germane, the bishop from Auxerre,
Who blessed them as he journeyed through
Their pious village of Nanterre.

St. Germane paused along the way;
"Who is this little child?" he said.
"My name is Genevieve, my lord,"
Said she, and simply bowed her head.

St. Germane called her father near,
"Happy man to have a child so blessed,
She will be great in the sight of God,
With many wonders manifest."

The years passed by and Genevieve
Made her consecration
To God, the poor, the ill, the old,
In life-long dedication.

Last days of Roman power
There fell a dreadful hour.
A scourge of terror had begun
Led by Attila, the Hun.
Down came the hordes from the North,
And screams of bloody deeds burst forth.
"Tongres burned!" "Arras is sacked!"
"Metz has fallen!" "Rheims in ruins!"
"Paris will be next!" "Allons!"

On the only bridge across the Seine
Stood Genevieve in firm command;
"Close the gates! Man the walls!
Be brave! Take heart and pray!"

Attila and his cohorts marched away,
Left Paris, Ile de France, en paix.

Franks besieged the gates of Paris.
People starved inside the walls.
Genevieve slipped down the Seine,

And returned with seven barges
Full of bread and ripened grain.

Clovis came and conquered Paris,
Gave his strength and love to France,
Bravely led his people God-ward,
Helped, inspired by Genevieve
And her dying suppliance. . .
Last saint of Gaul, first saint of France.

The light of Faith burned through the centuries.
St. Genevieve held fast the heart of France.
Each page of history told her loyalties,
And echoed prayers of kind deliverance.
Patron of Paris, Mother of France.

"In the ninth century St. Genevieve held back
The Norman onslaught from Scandinavia!"
"St. Genevieve delivered France from the deadly plague,
'Mal des ardents,' in the year 1130."
"The Sorbonne and the University of Paris lit the flame
Of learning in the quarter where St. Genevieve had lived."
"St. Genevieve saved Paris when the River Seine
Overflowed her banks time and time again."
The city, the country felt her vigilance. . .
Patron of Paris, Mother of France.

In 1346 St. Genevieve preserved Calais,
And ended civil wars with their decay.
St. Genevieve inspired St. Joan of Arc in Domremy,
Unfurled her oriflamme and fleur de lis;
Together they saved the French from English dominance...
Protectors of Paris, two saints of France.

Long pages told in tomes of history,
Of revolutions, wars, the bourgeoisie,
Alliances, entente, democracy.
Then 1914 filled a page complete
And Europe heard the throb of marching feet.
The German Juggernaut began to roll. . .
Brave Belgium, Luxemburg paid toll!
Down through the desperate towns of northern France
The Germans drove in quick advance!
"Lille, St. Mihiel, Sedan, Verdun!"
"One hundred miles from Paris!"
"Arras, St. Quentin, Rheims, Argonne!"
"Seventy miles from Paris!"
"Amiens, Soissons, Chateau Thierry!"
"Forty miles from Paris!"

"Creil, Meaux, Coulommiers!"
"Fifteen miles from Paris!"

Inside the city people prayed, believed
In their powerful patron, St. Genevieve.
In solemn procession they carried her shrine
Around the northern walls in prayerful line. . .
Up Boulevard St. Michel to St. Germain,
Across the Seine to Porte Vincennes;
Around Boulevard Bethier by Porte de la Villette,
By Porte St. Ouen to Porte Maillot;
Up Champs Elysses, Rue de Rivoli,
By Notre Dame across the pont
Back to St. Etienne-du-Mont.

St. Genevieve in Heaven heard their lea.
The French, inspired, hurled back their enemy.
She gave the Allies' Cause fresh confidence. . .
Patron of Paris, Mother of France.

It was only yesterday,
As modern time goes whirring by
That St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines began
In the beautiful "Land of the Sky."

St. Genevieve, our patron saint,
With youthful gesture--Old World grace--
Guards and guides these peaceful heights,
Each year a few small seeds grow fast,
Refreshed by winds of spicy pine.
Your roots are here! Your roots are here!
Our roots are here! Our roots are here!
And planted way down deep
Are little human things of everyday. . .
Morning prayers. . . The Angelus. . .
evening rosary. . .
Biology. . . math. . . Latin. . . French, and history. . .
Blazers. . . pennants. . . sweaters. . . SGP. . .
Parties. . . dances. . . "Open house". . . and Christmas trees,
Ball games. . . Field Day. . . Rah! Rah! Rah! St. Genevieve!
Baccalaureate. . . flower girls. . . Valedictory. . .
Patron of our days at school, Mother of our years to be.

Dear God, through St. Genevieve, our patron saint,
We make this little prayer to Thee.
Plant our tiny seeds of effort
Deep in Thy Heart.
Water them with Thy Grace.
Cut away all falsehood, fear, and pettiness,

So that we may grow tall and straight
In Thy sight.

Make our branches curve low-bending to be kind
And whisper softly words of peace.
As pine trees point to Heaven,
Cathedral spires of emerald,
Lift our hearts and thoughts above,
Like triangles pointing to Thee,
In faith and hope and love. Amen.

By MOTHER MARGARET POTTS, R.C.E.

CHAPTER ONE

EARLY BEGINNINGS

I am beginning this afternoon the school history of St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines in Asheville, North Carolina. This is a great undertaking and we shall do the best we can. Much valuable memorabilia has been lost, destroyed or discarded and we have no record of it. What we do have as background is five large scrapbooks, assembled and compiled by Sister Patricia Dolan. Her records extend from 1908 to 1987. Most of this material consists of newspaper clippings, other articles, and pictures. The newspaper articles in small print are orange with age. They are very hard to decipher.

I will have to depend on these scrapbooks and what I remember. I came to St. Genevieve's as a college freshman in 1924. That was just 16 years from the very beginning. So I remember very many of the things that happened through the years, and I would like to make this account just as interesting and as exciting and as wonderful as the story of St. Genevieve's.

Because I have been asked so many questions from the girls about the forming of our Order and since the Order is the whole reason for St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines, I would like to go back and give a brief sketch of its beginning, how we happened to be, and why the French sisters left France and came to the United States almost as the century turned. It has many very sad parts to it, but God has been with us through the whole thing in very remarkable ways and has confirmed our trust in Him so many times that we will never, never be able to count them all.

The Order was founded in 1817 in the little town of Echauffour in Normandy, France. It was founded by a parish priest, Father Louis Francois Marin Lafosse, to start schools for girls after the French Revolution. There were a few schools which had been started for boys but there was nothing for girls. He called together four young ladies in his parish and asked them if they would like to teach school. After they had taught for a short time, they thought it would be wonderful if they could become nuns. He prepared the Sisters to make their vows, instructed them in the religious life, and so forth.

The Sisters made their first vows on November 21, 1817, in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary that still exists in the little church in Echauffour. It was the Feast of the Presentation of Mary. We consider that Feast Day as our Founder's Day and we have observed it down through the years as a special day to remember.

They were given a certain rule and they had a habit. It was a very simple one, exactly like the outfit worn by the French priests. They had a long black skirt down to the ankles, and a bodice over which there was a cape a little below the elbows. There were long black sleeves. A double fringed sash hung down the side. On a black cord was a silver crucifix with a blue velvet heart above it. When the habit went to Rome to be approved, the Congregation did not approve of the blue velvet heart so it was changed to black. All of us wore one. It was on a piece of black hard material, heart-shaped with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Immaculate Heart of Mary and St. Joseph's lily traced on it in white.

Mother Joubert said one of our little first grade children, when he first came to school, asked, "Mother Joubert why are you wearing that little pussy-cat's face?" When you stop to think of it, it did look like a face with two eyes and the whiskers.

Another first grader said, "Mother Joubert, why do you wear that black valentine all the time?" Those reactions of the first grade provided many an amusing moment.

Originally the Sisters wore a white bonnet or "coif." It was like the peasants' bonnet of Normandy, France. They had no veil to start with and simply wore the heart-shaped bonnet around their faces, and a side piece that came over their ears with a little cap effect in the back. It fitted

closely over their heads and hair and was called a sere-tete. When they came over later to the United States, the peasant bonnet looked very out of place so they wore a black veil of moderate length.

The habit was very practical. It was lined. In those days, back in 1817, there was no central heating. You wore your central heating. The skirt, bodice, cape and sleeves were lined. On top of our bonnet we had a lining and then we had the veil. So you see we were well insulated for cold weather. But in the summer time it was another story! On top of the habit we had a cloak that went clear to the ground – it was made out of merino wool – and the cloak had a hood that fitted over our heads and fastened across the front of the bonnet. So we looked very nice when we went out.

Most people liked our habit. We didn't have white across our chests or clanging rosaries or anything like that. But it was a very attractive and very neat-looking habit and very religious-looking. We got compliments everywhere we went. I was at Catholic University and there was an art exhibit and I was looking at it during the summer six weeks we were there. I was going from painting to painting and a lady came over and said, "Sister, what Order are you?" I said "I am a Religious of Christian Education." She said "I like your habit the best of all the habits on the campus. I think yours is the most attractive artistic habit." I said "How nice of you to say that." She said "Well, I should know. I'm the head of the art department." Well, I could hardly wait to get back to my room and write the Sisters in Asheville and tell them we had the most artistic habit that she had ever seen. That made us all feel very, very proud. We thought it was a very nice-looking habit, too.

To start with, the Sisters were called Les Soeurs de Coeur Bleu. But they chose the name, Religious of Christian Education. They did not choose Religious of Catholic Education. When they were founded, the other Orders of Sisters were called Religious also; Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Religious of the Cenacle, Religious of the Assumption. Our initials were R.C.E., Sacred Heart was R.S.C.J., the Cenacle was R.C., Assumption was R.A. It was customary at that time for the Sisters to be called Religious. The Sisters whose Orders were founded at this time did not change their own names. They kept the name that they had had all their lives, the reason being on account of property. After the French Revolution, France was in turmoil and the property and the lands were all dissipated. It was to keep their title to any property straight. When the Sisters were first formed, they had the title "Madame." For instance, Madame McSwiney, Madame Galvin, and the Mother Superior was called "Mother" with her last name, like Mother Lorin. In due time "Madame" fell into disrepute, as you all know. The Sisters changed their names to "Mother." They were called Mother with their last names following. The Mother Superior was called "Reverend Mother." Mother Joubert said, "Calling Mother Superior "Reverend Mother" is just like calling God, "Jehovah." That sounds just like Mother Joubert.

They went by the title Mother for a long time, but in 1966 at the General Chapter, the names were changed to Sister with their last names added. That was a mistake and was not meant to be. A note had been handed in as an amendment to the Constitution. The motion was ambiguously worded, so it turned out that we were all called Sister with our last names instead of the first name as intended. It was hard to change back to Sister so most of us were "Mother" for the rest of our lives.

Another thing – we had very motherly care for the girls. They were just like our children and we cared for them and loved them and woke them up in the morning and put them to bed at night. We were just like their mothers away at school so, therefore, "Mother" seemed very appropriate for most of us. But that's changed. Now, according to modern trends as you come down to the 1990's we are being called "Sister" and our first names. It has become an automatic thing. In the convent we call each other by our first names. It's just something that has come along as a modern trend. That's the whole evolution of our name from Madame, to Mother, to Sister, with our last names and now to Sister with our first names.

To get back to the early days of the Order, many young women had entered the convent and the schools had spread throughout Normandy, France. Now in 1838, one of our Sisters, Sister Marie Bazin, was asked to conduct a teachers' college which she did with great success. Some of the other Sisters that entered our Order during those years had been in the teachers' college and had been trained to be teachers.

At the end of the nineteenth century, an anti-clerical and anti-religious government came into power in France – very anti-everything. It was a very difficult government and couldn't get along with anyone. In 1883, at the end of the school year, the students had just left and the very next day the officials came and closed the school. The Sisters could no longer have anything to do with the school and the property was confiscated. This was a warning. There had been clouds over the religious orders in France for some time and our sisters had been wisely guided and counseled. They could see the handwriting on the wall. They knew that they were not going to be able to stay in France very much longer.

They made preparations to see what they would do after the teachers' college closed. They were advised to think about going to England and coming to the United States because they were going to have to leave France. Year by year by year the teaching orders were expelled. Our year to leave France was 1904. The Mother House moved from Argentan de France to Tournai, Belgium. Belgium was a great refuge for many religious orders, particularly the teaching orders. The Jesuits left, the Christian Brothers left and had established schools in Tournai and kept the same names. Our school was called Argentan-Tournai. The Christian Brothers were called Passey-Froyenne. You see, it had been Passey in France and became Froyenne in Belgium. I don't remember the names of the Jesuits' schools, but they kept their name from France, too, when they moved into Belgium.

In 1888, Mother Suzanne Deplanck, with a group of Sisters, had gone across the Channel into England. There they purchased an estate called Hillside Estate where they founded a school. To start with, they had two boarding students and four day students. But the school grew and Mother Deplanck was head of the school there for 18 years from 1888 until she came to the United States. The school was a very successful school and it was called Hillside School and Hillside Convent. Later, in the early 1900's, the Sisters received an invitation to come to the United States to Huntington, West Virginia, where the Bishop of Wheeling was going to found an orphanage for boys and girls. These requests came through Sulpician priests who were established in Baltimore and who received requests from different places wanting to have Sisters. They were in contact with our Sisters in France and so that's how the orphanage was started. A group of Sisters came over to Huntington and were there at the orphanage for four years. It was called St. Edwards Home. The Bishop closed it because he had other plans and it was moved into the city of Wheeling, where other sisters were in charge. Another priest, Father Ulrick, who was a friend of Father Benard, who had enlisted the help of the Sisters for the orphanage, received a request from a doctor in Asheville, North Carolina, who wanted some Sisters to come down and be companions to women in his convalescent home. After the orphanage had closed, the four Sisters went to Asheville. It turned out to be a tuberculosis sanatorium. It was very sparsely furnished, the rooms were cold, there was no chapel as they had been promised. It was a very sad situation. They were there from November 1907 to December 1907. The Sisters were not trained to be nurses and it was not a very healthy situation. It was not what they had supposed it would be – it was not only ill furnished but poorly conducted.

They bought or leased a home at 48 Starnes Avenue. It was a regular family home and that was where they planned to open a school later on. They got permission from our Mother General and they also received permission from Abbot Haid in Belmont. He was Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey there and he functioned much as a Bishop because there was no Bishop in North Carolina. They received permission from Abbot Haid to open a school. Then they made their plans.

Mother Suzanne Deplanck, Madame Albertine Foret, Madame Naomi Mouquet, Madame Mabel Monk and Sister Adeline Bisson, a lay sister, were the founding Sisters at 48 Starnes Avenue in 1907.

The Sisters moved into 48 Starnes Avenue December 15, 1907. They were very busy getting themselves settled in and getting the house in order. Their first Christmas was fast approaching and they were very poor; in fact they had almost nothing. One day when they were all together getting some things started, Mother Deplanck said, "You know, Sisters, I just do not know what we are going to do for Christmas. Suppose we all think of something that we would like to have for our Christmas dinner and we will ask God to provide it. I am going to choose a turkey. We will ask God for that." Another Sister said, "I am going to ask for a turkey, too. And another Sister said "I would like to have some plum pudding." Another sister said, "I would like to have some pickles," and another sister said, "I would like to have some parsley and, of course, vegetables to go in between." They all made these requests and after that they more or less forgot about it. They were very busy and here comes Christmas!

The Christmas story has been written up in magazines and played over and over again by the students who want to make a little entertainment for the Sisters. It is a very strong part of St. Genevieve's history.

Now Christmas Eve arrived and they came back from Mass and the doorbell rang. There was a boy with two turkeys. A little bit later, the doorbell rang again and in was brought a plum pudding. Next day, Christmas morning, they went to Mass and when they came back, someone brought in some ice cream. The doorbell rang again and here came some vegetables. Mother Monk commented that her pickles hadn't come yet! They were just getting ready to sit down to dinner when the doorbell rang again and here came the pickles! Everything had been provided but the parsley. The doorbell rang in a few minutes more and there was an old man at the door whom they had never seen before, and he said, "I am very poor but here's a little bit of parsley to put on your Christmas turkey." Now the Sisters were completely overwhelmed by all this. They had not prayed very much for all these things; they were just little whimsical wishes that they had expressed and God had provided for every single thing they had asked for. I think this gave them great confidence to face the future – that God had looked out for them in these small details of their Christmas dinner. He would surely look out for them in the course ahead. He would look out for all their needs and answer all their prayers. They really felt very confident, very sustained and very strengthened by the Christmas dinner and by the fact that God had provided for them so graciously and so generously. So this was their first Christmas.

There were very few Catholics in Asheville, but Mrs. O. C. Hamilton was a Catholic lady who lived on Beaucatcher Mountain. Her home later became the Sky Club in the 1950's and 60's. Mrs. Hamilton was a very devoted friend of the Sisters and she, after the Sisters arrived at 48 Starnes Avenue, went around in her carriage with her driver, seeking pupils for the opening of school in January. When the time came, she had been really quite persuasive among her friends. The school on 48 Starnes Avenue opened on January 6, 1908, with 22 pupils ranging in age from six to early teens. At 9 a.m. the bell rang and the students all came in and they started with morning prayer as usual.

Along about 11:00 a.m. a cable came from France and Mother Deplanck read the cable and it said, "If you have not started school, please return to Europe immediately." So she kept the cable until after the children had gone home in the afternoon and then she called the Sisters together and read the cable to them. They all agreed that they had already started school and they would stay. I hate to think what would have happened if that cable had come 2 hours before they opened the school. I wouldn't be here making this cassette for you and you wouldn't be listening to it and reading the history. St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines would never have existed, so it is rather an important event. It makes us stop and think that this whole thing must have been in God's hands

from start to finish and it really was a most encouraging and most trustworthy endeavor that the Sisters undertook.

They had also put an ad in the paper just before the school opened, that they would accept students at any time during the school year. This was to get the school going and by March 1908, 48 Starnes Avenue was too small. They already had more pupils than they could accommodate in this small residential home. Mother Deplanck went looking and found a house that she liked very much. It was on what was then called North Main Street, and is now called Broadway – about where the YMCA used to be back in the 50's and 60's. It was a nice brick house then and she thought it would make a very good school facility. She went in and rang the doorbell and the man said, "No, this house is not for sale, and it's not for rent, either." Mother Deplanck was very sorry and she went down the steps and out into the yard. She buried a little statue of St. Joseph in the yard – just put it down in the yard – her cape was long enough to conceal all of this. She had a strong devotion to St. Joseph and St. Joseph answered her prayers nearly always.

This happened on March 16 and Mother Deplanck came back and she said, "Now, Sisters, we are going to make a tridiem. A tridiem is a three-day prayer and it would end on March 19, St. Joseph's Feast Day. The next day Mother Deplanck was uptown and the man came by on horseback and said, "I have changed my mind. You can have the house." St. Joseph had answered her prayer – God had answered her prayer. Mother Deplanck went with the man and they went through the house and they thought it was just what was needed. I am not sure whether they bought the house or leased it, but they got the house and they signed the papers on March 19, 1908. The Sisters moved in there by May.

Although we have no records in any of the scrapbooks, we know that there were closing exercises for the school either in May or in June, 1908. Of course, there could be no graduation but they had a closing exercise – a program of some type and they held it in the ballroom of the Battery Park Hotel. I wish we had the program now. It would be very interesting to see what they had accomplished in those months from January to June, 1908.

When school reopened in September, 1908, for their first full complete year of school, there were 80 students and 6 of them were boarding students. They found it necessary to acquire another house, so they did. There was a house next door which was for rent and so they had the first brick house that they got at the end of North Main Street, which is now Broadway, and then next door they had another house which was called The Colonial. They didn't keep it by that name - they used it as a school. So they had the two buildings by September to go through that year.

Also we have no programs that cover that first complete school year that went from September 1908 to June 1909. In September 1909, they had 120 students and they used the two houses. They had four elementary classes in one building and four high school classes in the other. They were getting along very well. Now there is another side to this story which I think should be told.

Everyone was very happy but everything was not too rosy for the school. As late as 1920 and beyond – and this is not only in the South but all over the country – there was an anti-Catholic prejudice which was very strong. It was particularly strong in the South and also in North Carolina. North Carolina, I think, was one of the most prejudiced states in the United States. It's a sad thing to note, but that is true. Most of the time I think prejudice of any form comes from ignorance. People just do not understand each other and do not know what other people think or how they feel. They do not know about their religions.

So it seems that at the beginning, the Sisters had great difficulty and the Protestant ministers in many cases frowned upon the convent and in some cases refused to let the parents send their children to the school. They said, "Do not send your children there; it's a Roman Catholic school." Stories are told that when the Sisters were getting on the streetcar, a man saw them and went out the

back door. He later became a great friend, but he tells about this incident. He said he did not want the Sisters to cast a spell upon him!

Then also there were other stories that they tell like the story of the girl who enrolled at the school (she tells this story herself), who was just so anxious to come to school with the Sisters. When her father's business associates and his business partners found that she was enrolled in the school, they said, "You have to take your daughter out of that papist school or we will not give you any business." The father withdrew his daughter and she was broken-hearted. She told this story later on – she came to school when she was older – she also came to the college. These are just two little incidents that indicate how strong the prejudice was in those days.

In the midst of this strong anti-Catholic feeling, the Sisters made no effort to defend themselves. They simply went about their business and kept school; they were busy and just let things take their course, but they put this all into God's hands and knew that **He** would look after them.

We do now have a copy of a program that the Sisters gave on December 21, 1909. First of all, a formal invitation was sent out. The invitation reads, "You are cordially invited by Reverend Mother and the Sisters of Hillside Convent to attend a concert given by the pupils at Battery Park Hotel in the Ballroom on Tuesday afternoon, December 21st, 1909, at 3:30 P.M." Over in the corner it says, "Please present this card at the door." So you just couldn't come in – you had to have the card to get in. We have a copy of the program, which is very long and very profuse. It ranged from piano solos, violin solos, piano duets, choruses, a scene from *Richard III*, some choruses from some of the light operas, some recitations in French, English, and German. It was a very elaborate program and the account in the paper said that the ballroom was crowded to the door. So the Sisters ended their year 1909 in a blaze of glory. Sad to say we do not know who some of the students were. They followed the old European custom of saying S. Smith, J. Jones, B. Brown, R. Green, etc. The pupils' names are not given. Even the Sisters signed their name S. Deplanck. This was a fine end for the first semester of the school year.

CHAPTER TWO

THE SECOND DECADE

In 1910 the Sisters found that the two buildings at the end of North Main Street were too small. They were going to have to look for a larger building. Immediately after the enrollment in September, it was evident they were going to have to find larger quarters. Now we do have a picture of the faculty of Sisters in 1910. There were nine teaching Sisters, three lay Sisters, and one lay teacher. From the copy you cannot tell who the Sisters are, but that was a good way to start the school year, with that many teachers. Their nationalities were German, English, Irish and American.

I think I should interject here that the reason I am having so much trouble with this part, is that my sources do not agree. The newspapers do not agree with the records that I have, so I am having a difficult time piecing the facts together, but I shall do my best. I am getting to the end of the first decade of 1900. This part has been very complicated, so please bear with me.

In God's good providence in 1910 when the Sisters were going to have to look elsewhere for larger quarters, Victoria Inn on Victoria Road became available. Victoria Inn was built in 1887 and it was the "Grove Park" of its day. It was a large, rambling inn that accommodated many guests. It was an ideal place. It changed hands many times so the Sisters were able to purchase Victoria Inn.

This part is also confusing because my sources do not agree. The name was not Hillside Convent anymore. The name was changed to St. Genevieve's College. The college had not been formed yet or organized. There was no college but again it goes back to the European idea of college. Later when they were enrolling kindergarten children, St. Genevieve's College sounded very strange. I think it changed its name to St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines because it covered so many departments. But that came later. It was called St. Genevieve's College for a few years and the newspapers referred to it in this way.

The front part of Victoria Inn had a circular driveway with a magnificent view of the Biltmore Estate and of Biltmore House. You could see Pisgah and The Rat and then from the back part of the building on a clear day, into Tennessee. It gave a whole range of the Smokies. Also since the building was on the highest ground between Asheville and Biltmore, it had a commanding view of the city and Beaucatcher Ridge. There was a beautiful panorama from any angle that you chose.

When you entered the front door, there was a large lobby and around the lobby were several large parlors which I imagine were private parlors in the days of the Inn. Down a corridor a short distance there was a large dining room and also a small private dining room. The students used the large dining room and the Sisters had the small private dining room. Behind that was a large kitchen. Off the dining room was a large ballroom. The school used it for a study hall and for an auditorium. A stage was built across the west end. Off the study hall were four rooms used as classrooms. That part of the building was used by the high school. Under the ballroom and the four classrooms was a large gymnasium on the ground floor. The gym was used by the grammar school as their morning assembly room and also as a play area on rainy days. Off this large gym were classrooms. As time went on, classrooms were added all around in different areas. There was one built on the back side and under it was the shop. So as the school grew, it was necessary to add onto that grammar school department. It was a very interesting thing to see how you could add on and still keep the school united.

Above the ballroom, dining room, lobby and the parlors were the bedrooms. There were 80 bedrooms. On the second and third floors a tower was situated at the very left corner of the

building. The tower could be seen from all over Asheville. It was a regular landmark. It was very high and very imposing. It was used for water at one time. But when the Sisters went out to the building on Victoria Road, the tower no longer contained water. We used it for Halloween parties and other recreational activities. It was a very interesting place. It was nice to go up and look all around at the surrounding countryside.

On the right side of the building were four floors. The top floor was used for several things. There were small rooms used as practice rooms for the music students. There was a large room for the art department. Another large one was used for different piano students taking different courses. One room held all the costumes from the plays. The fourth floor on that side was used for many things but the rooms were all small except for the art department. The rooms had different purposes as the school program changed from time to time.

There was a large porch which extended around the building on three sides. It came across the front of the apex, which was the entrance and came down both sides and across the back. It had big rocking chairs that went back many years. The porch was a very gracious feature of St. Genevieve's. The Sisters could sit out there in the summertime and it was just as pleasant as could be. During school time when the weather was warm, the students would go out there for study periods in the afternoons. We had boards that went across the arms of the chairs. The students would face in because facing out was distracting. Then they would pick up their boards and put the chairs back and go inside. But they would study until time for dinner. Victoria Inn was a very gracious building. It was warm and hospitable and there was a certain gracious atmosphere about it all. It was a welcoming place. Most people thought it had a very homelike atmosphere. The Sisters tried to keep it that way for the students and their families and for anyone that came around. It was just a great old building as long as it lasted.

We now begin a new decade in the history of St. Genevieve's. Eighteen Sisters moved from the two buildings on North Main Street out to St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines in the former Victoria Inn on Victoria Road. Eighteen Sisters made this move, but we do not know the number of students who were enrolled at this school. When the school began on January 10, 1911, the papers say there were 60 boarding students, but I do not think that this number is correct. Anyway, we will let it stand.

The students were in the four-year high school. We do not know how many were in the grammar school. The grammar school was called St. Genevieve's Prep as long as it was in the old building and was for boys and girls. We do not know exactly how correct some of this is. There were four years of high school and eight grammar grades until the Depression years when the seventh and eighth grades were combined into one. Later a kindergarten was added and the seventh and eighth grades continued separate.

When the Sisters moved to Victoria Road, it was a very wonderful experience to have enough room and not be cramped for space. They had a chapel in what was the largest parlor off the lobby. It was a very beautiful chapel, nicely arranged and it was where the Sisters and the students prayed until the new chapel was built.

In 1912, Mother Margaret MacSwiney returned from Catholic University where she had been awarded a Ph.D. degree. Mother MacSwiney was the first nun to receive a Ph.D. at Catholic University. She was a very brilliant Sister and had been educated in Ireland. She was a citizen of Ireland and she had been in school in Dublin and in Cork. She made a very fine record at the Catholic University. She returned to St. Genevieve's in 1912, and this was really the beginning of the college with college courses being offered.

In 1913, we had all been remarkably surprised and thought it was wonderful that Mother Deplanck and the other founding Mothers sought charter membership in the Southern Association. It had just begun in 1913 and St. Genevieve's Academy was a charter member. It was entitled Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and was the accrediting agency for the

11 southeastern states. St. Genevieve's never lost its accreditation. It was sometimes very hard to maintain because they became more and more strict in their requirements, but we always remained a member.

In the early years of school out on Victoria Road, the Sisters decided to take lady boarders in the summertime. It was very well equipped to do this because the school had been a former inn. They advertised in several magazines for lady boarders, and lady boarders came down from the North, from the South, and from various areas. They were accepted during the months of June, July and August up to the first of September before school started.

These lady boarders were charming women. They were just as pleasant as they could be and some of them came year after year in the summertime because Asheville was famous for its summer climate, very cool and brisk and with crisp, fresh mountain air. So the ladies were a big contributing factor and they helped support the Sisters in the summertime between the end of school in June and the beginning of school in September. They provided income for the Sisters which they certainly needed. I think this was very important in the life of Mother Deplanck.

Going back to the early years of the school, Bob Reynolds was one of the first pupils. Now, Bob Reynolds later became Senator Robert Reynolds for, I don't know, two or three terms. But when he was a young man he was considered a young "man about town." He had just acquired a new, bright red roadster. A roadster in those days is comparable to a convertible these days except that when the top was down, in the back was a rumble seat. Many people who are my age will know about the roadsters. We don't know in this story whether Bob Reynolds was dared or whether he made a bet, but anyway if he had bet, he bet that he could come out and pick up Mother Deplanck and bring her into town in his bright red roadster.

Anyway, Bob Reynolds drove out to St. Genevieve's, rang the doorbell, and asked to speak to Mother Deplanck. She saw him and said, "Oh, Bob." He said, "Can I take you into town, Mother Deplanck?" She said, "Oh, Bob, how kind and thoughtful of you to come out. I have some errands to do and I just did not know how I was going to get into town. I would love to go." She put on her cloak and went out and Bob helped her into his new bright red roadster and they steamed down the driveway and into town.

He took her around to all the places where she had to go and this was showing off Mother Deplanck to all of Asheville at that time. Then after they had accomplished their errands, he drove her back to St. Genevieve's. So if it was a dare, he won, and if it was a bet, he won. But this story, I think, shows how gracious and charming and what a wonderful person Mother Deplanck was, and this story has gone down in the archives as one typical of Mother Deplanck.

In August 1914, World War I began in France. The Germans marched into France unannounced and the French were totally unprepared. Mother Deplanck had three brothers and eleven nephews in the French Army and three of her nephews were killed in some of the first battles of the war. The Sisters grieved greatly over World War I. It was a terrible cloud hanging over them and all the Sisters - American, French, English, German, and Irish - all prayed that the war would soon end, but as we know, it did not.

In December 1914, Mother Deplanck's health was failing and she was advised to go to a hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. As she drove down the driveway in December, we don't know exactly what day, the Sisters all say that Mother Deplanck turned around and looked at the school - looked at the building - as if she were saying good-bye. They all had a feeling that she did not think she would come back. But they did not know and they all prayed very specially that Mother Deplanck would recover. She did not. Mother Deplanck died in Baltimore on January 2, 1915. Her body was returned to Asheville and there was a requiem Mass for her in St. Lawrence Church in Asheville. The church was packed to overflowing and as the newspaper said, "There had never been such a large funeral at that time. It was the largest funeral we have ever seen." The church

was filled with students, parents, friends of the school, friends of the Sisters - all religious denominations and many dignitaries. It was a remarkable occasion.

After the funeral, a procession formed behind Mother Deplanck's coffin and walked from St. Lawrence Church down Biltmore Avenue and out to St. Genevieve's. Mother Deplanck was buried in a little grove of pine trees where the auditorium now stands. A row of boxwood about 8 inches high was planted around her grave. In front of her grave on the west side was a rustic altar and on the altar was a statue of St. Joseph. In front of the altar was a kneeler where people could kneel and pray. On the other side of her grave, facing the altar, was a bench where people could sit in peace and quiet. It was a lovely little area framed in with pine trees. It was very private. We college girls used to go there and sit quietly and study. We used to study for our examinations there because it was peaceful and cool and Mother Deplanck's grave was right there and we would ask her to help us on our examinations. Her body remained there from 1915 to 1936 when the new auditorium was built on the site.

The newspaper's account of Mother Deplanck's death covered five whole pages in the scrapbook. The newspaper articles lined it on sometimes four columns across for five whole pages. They paid tribute to Mother Deplanck as a Sister, as a leader, as a teacher and as a Mother Superior. They gave her credit for founding two schools - the one in England and the one in Asheville. She was a remarkable woman in many, many ways. She had many wonderful talents, but the one that drew most people to her was her warm, charming personality. She was genuinely interested in everyone. She cared about everybody and paid particular attention to the poor. There was a certain radiant quality about her. She was warm and joyful and very endearing. This is the reason why people of all types, of all kinds, of all ages loved her very, very much. I think this tribute paid by Bishop Gunn of Savannah is the best way to end this account of Mother Deplanck. Bishop Gunn said, "Great women like Mother Deplanck never die. She will continue to live as long as a child is taught at St. Genevieve's. Amen."

The next Superior for St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines was Mother Marie Louise Lorin who had been teaching at St. Genevieve's and was head of the art department from 1911 to 1915. Mother Lorin had been suggested also by Mother Suzanne Deplanck before she died, but Mother Lorin had to be named by the Mother General and her council. The Mother General and her council prepared the papers naming Mother Lorin the new Superior at St. Genevieve's. They got the papers off on February 18, 1915, which was just a little over a month after Mother Deplanck's death. But the papers did not reach Asheville until April 26, 1915. The delay was caused by World War I. All the correspondence and mail between Europe and the United States was delayed many, many times because of the war.

She was installed with great pomp and ceremony on April 26, 1915. The students had a special celebration. There was a half-holiday and the girls all wore white and they had a little program for the occasion. Mother Lorin was the second Mother Superior at St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines.

The first commencement exercises that we have a record of are those for 1915. These exercises had a certain amount of ceremony about them. They were very interesting programs. The St. Genevieve's Preparatory Department, that's the Prep, had its Commencement on May 31, 1915, at 3:30 p.m. and we have a copy of the program. The Academy had its Commencement on June 1, 1915, at 3:30 p.m., and there were 14 high school graduates. We will name them because we have their picture and underneath are their full names, for the first time: Frances Arts, Gretchen Grenard, Madeline Loughran, Henrietta Kelly, Elsie Brown, Genevieve McIntyre, Adelaide Merrimon, Mary Reeves, Rebecca Cushing, Willy Carter, Adeline Coffey, Frances Smith, Nell Belote and Lucille James.

Bishop Haid, or rather Abbot Haid, presided at the graduation exercises and also gave the address. It was well attended and the parents and patrons of the school were greatly impressed with the first serious Commencement exercise.

That evening after graduation in the afternoon, the junior class in the Academy gave a banquet in honor of the senior class. It was a very beautiful affair, very well planned and a very happy time. They had class wills, prophecies and all kinds of things. It was the beginning of some of the traditions that we had later on. It's nice to think that it went so far back.

When the new school year, 1915-1916, opened in September, there was a newspaper account which made glowing remarks about the fame of the school spreading far and wide. As a consequence, students were coming from many different states and from many different areas - North, West, South, even up from South America, Central America, and Cuba.

This school year, 1915-1916, saw the beginning of many things that happened later, but started back this early. We have an account of The Children of Mary Sodality being organized. We have also different class basketball teams having games together. During the school year the Sisters in those days sponsored interesting programs. They sponsored programs for entertainers, lecturers, and so forth to come to the school to entertain the students and these were all held in the former ballroom which became the combination study hall/auditorium of the main building. These programs were all of different kinds. Some of them were musical, some lectures, some drama- a wide variety of programs for the education of the girls and also for their entertainment.

Coming down toward the end of the school year is the first record we have of a Field Day. They had a Field Day in the high school with four teams- the red, the green, the yellow and the blue. The girls were dressed in white. I suppose that meant white bloomers and white middies and they wore a sash the color of the team they were on. They engaged in all kinds of contests and relays and races and so forth and the green team won. This was the beginning of Field Day. It doesn't say anything about a grammar school Field Day, but that was to come. It hadn't started yet. It might have come at the same time, but I doubt it because there is no account of it.

On Friday evening, June 2, 1916, the college girls and the Academy girls gave Shakespeare's *As You Like It* all four acts. This takes your breath away. You think, "My goodness, this was a terrific undertaking for them!" But they did it. They must have rented the costumes, because the pictures that are in the scrapbook show very elaborate costumes.

St. Genevieve's Preparatory Department had its commencement June 5, 1916, at 3:30 p.m. Then the College and Academy had their commencement exercises June 7, 1916, in the evening. For this program we found listed on the program sheet a three-act French play called *Marie Stuwart.* This must have been the life of Mary Stewart, Queen of the Scots but it was a three-act program in French. Then came the distribution of the diplomas and medals and prizes. This covered three commencement exercises: *As you Like It*, the St. Genevieve's Prep Commencement, and the College and Academy Commencements. That was a Commencement ending in a blaze of glory, so to speak.

The school year 1916-1917, starting in September, had no remarkable or important events recorded. During this time there are some newspaper accounts that the students were very active in all kinds of activities to raise money for the children of Europe during the war. They did all kinds of things. They had sales, they put on little entertainments every single Friday and charged admission. Particularly mentioned were the babies in Belgium and other places in Europe. I do not know whether this means that during the war they weren't getting sufficient food and the girls were raising funds to provide food for the babies in Belgium and France, but they did raise money. Even at one commencement they charged 50¢ admission for the graduation exercises, and the money was to be given to the Asheville Chapter of the American Red Cross.

CHAPTER THREE

THE STUDENT UNIFORMS THROUGH THE YEARS

Since the year 1917 does not seem to have anything particularly outstanding mentioned in the newspaper or in any record, I thought it might be interesting to talk about the girls' uniform. The boarding students, in St. Genevieve's Prep and Academy, wore uniforms. At that time I think they were called "Peter Thompsons" because they were like little navy dresses. They had the navy insignia on the sleeves and sailor collars. The girls wore stockings and blue knit caps and they had heavy navy blue sweaters - they used to call them Rugby sweaters - and that was their daily uniform. For Sundays, they wore a brown dress, shoes, a brown coat and a brown hat. When they went to town, they wore the brown uniform there, too.

The story goes, and I think this must be Mother Colclough, that the Sister who was in charge of ordering the hats for the students one year made a big mistake in the order. She got too many hats. I don't know how many extra hats she had, but she had a large number. So she took the box of extra hats down to Mother Deplanck's grave and prayed to Mother Deplanck to bring girls in so the hats would have girls under them. This sounds like Mother Colclough - but in due time enough girls arrived for the opening of school to wear all the hats that had been ordered.

The boarding students looked very neat and trim in their uniforms. The day students did not wear uniforms, but when there was a feast day, the boarders would wear their own clothes and this always made a special occasion. Sometimes I can remember when I was there in school, they would change their dresses three and four times a day to come dressed differently to breakfast, lunch and dinner. That was the high school girls, because in the college they didn't have a uniform. While we are speaking of uniforms, we might as well take the uniforms through the years. They wore the little Peter Thompson outfits through part of the 1920's (1920 - 1924), then they changed to what was called "Jack Tar Togs." This was a navy blue woolen dress that had three box pleats in the front and back. It had a white linen collar and cuffs. The girls wore that with a navy blue sweater and for Sunday they wore their own clothes. They did not have a uniform at that time for Sunday.

They wore this uniform, I think, through the rest of the 20's; then in the 1930's they wore a navy blue jumper and it had the SGP insignia on one side of the front. With that they wore a tan blouse and tan hose and shoes. That looked very nice, but they still continued to wear their own clothes on Sunday. In the latter part of the 1930's, the girls went upstairs right after prayers and before dinner. They put on a white dotted Swiss blouse for dinner instead of the tan one. It was just a little matter of dressing for dinner. It looked very nice and fresh.

When World War II came, they had uniforms in 1942-43, but then we had to discontinue the uniforms because we could not get material. It was very difficult to get certain kinds of material during the war, so the girls wore sweaters and skirts (what girls of that time mostly wore). But the big thing we thought important, since we weren't wearing a uniform, was to teach them how to dress, to get them to combine their colors well and not to wear stripes and plaids and all that sort of thing together - to teach them how to dress appropriately and in good taste for school - not to overdress, but to look neat and trim. That continued until the early part of the 1960's when the girls asked for a uniform.

The Sisters made inquiries of different uniform companies and I remember that Benzinger in Philadelphia was the one who got the order. The uniform samples that they brought and that the boarders finally wore, were very attractive. The material was frosted red raspberry wool. It was just a beautiful color and the wool was so soft it looked frosted. So they had a suit - a jacket and a skirt and then they had a jumper. With the suit and the jumper they wore a white blouse. They had

knee-high woolen socks that were the same color as the uniform - frosted red raspberry, and they also had a cardigan sweater the same color. So the uniform was most attractive and they looked so nice in it. This was their winter uniform. When they came in the fall while the weather was still warm, they wore shirt-waist dresses. They were rust, forest green, and maroon. And then in the spring they wore shirt-waist dresses in pastel colors - blue, pink, green, whatever color they chose and they had one white dress that they used at commencement. I think they wore that uniform up until the school ended.

We have no record of Commencement in 1917 except the newspaper account which simply states that there were diplomas and medals and prizes given, and that five young ladies received the Lycée Diploma from the Alliance Française. We do not have a copy of the program from that year.

Then school reopened on September 17, 1918. There were many changes in the campus at that time. Of course, as you know, Asheville was renowned for its healthy climate with many, many tuberculosis sanitaria dotted around throughout the city. Of course, down the street not too far from St. Genevieve's was St. Joseph's Hospital, which had porches for the tubercular patients. It was very popular to have outdoor classes. To accommodate these classes, three summer houses were built. Two were a type of gazebo. They were hexagonal in shape and had a bench all around and a blackboard across one end. There was a big table in the middle. There was another gazebo just above the playground that had a big blackboard across it and was closed across one end. It could have held a class of 50. We didn't have that many, but it was a large summer house. They were used off and on and the girls studied outdoors and in the study hall in the afternoons in early fall and also in the spring. They could study out on the porch, too, on the great big chairs with their boards. Outdoor studying was a big feature.

I am not too sure about when things were added because we have no records of this, but about this time a chapel was built. It was added to the main building. The chapel was across the southwest side of the building not under the tower. It was a large chapel that accommodated all the students and the Sisters. It was very attractive; it was rustic-looking and you could see the rafters up in the top. There was a large altar and the sanctuary was rather large with the statues on each side. The sacristy was at the back and then on the other side was a room for the vases, all that sort of thing. I do not know what the capacity of the chapel was; I know it could hold a large number of people. The organ was at the back. So the Sisters were in the back part of the chapel to start with. At that time they had prie-dieus. The girls were in the front part of the chapel and there were rows of benches with kneelers. It had windows all along the side that looked out at the mountains: Pisgah, The Rat, and all of that part of the mountain ranges. It was a very, very attractive chapel...very functional too. Since the chapel adjoined the main building, it could be reached from the lobby by a corridor as well as from the circular driveway.

When the students returned in September 1918, they continued their programs every Friday and charged a small admission. This money was again sent to the Red Cross, particularly with the idea of helping the children in Europe in the war-torn countries. It was the same program that they had started in 1917 when they first came back to school that year. We have no accounts of commencement in June 1918, and we have no record whatever of the year 1918-1919.

The Armistice was signed to end World War I on November 11, 1918, at 11 a.m. and there was great rejoicing all over the world. At St. Genevieve's there were Sisters from France, Germany, England, Ireland and the United States. We were all in the war and it was a great and memorable day. I have no account of it here but I remember it as if it were yesterday. The church bells rang - it was he most joyful occasion that the war was over and the boys could come home.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE TWENTIES

As we began the new decade, 1920-1930, many changes had taken place on the campus. New property had been added and the campus now extended from Livingston Street on the left to Oakland Road on the right. Across the front of the property was Victoria Road. It now consisted of 28 acres; no street marked off the back boundary.

As you approached St. Genevieve's on Victoria Road, you passed the intersection of Livingston Street where on the left corner was a residence the Sisters purchased in addition to another one behind it.

In 1922 the college building was completed. It was a four-storied building, built with a very fine-looking tapestry brick across the front. I don't know the footage but the front was very large and it was very imposing. The Sisters did not have enough money to finish the third and fourth floors. They did have enough to do the first and the second floors. The first floor consisted of a library, parlor, office, study hall, assembly rooms, classrooms and at the back there was a sun parlor. On the second floor were all the bedrooms for the students. There were 20 bedrooms in addition to the bathrooms between the rooms. It was a very well arranged area. Behind this building was a tennis court.

As you came up Victoria Road to enter the campus, there were two stone pillars on each side of the driveway entrance. It passed in front of and to the left of the college building. It was very impressive. In front of the college was a cement wall with hemlock trees behind it. The hemlock boughs touched the ground. The pine trees grew very tall and eventually met in the middle over the driveway.

On the left coming toward the main building were two basketball courts, two tennis courts and a playground. Further along was the first gazebo and across from the main building to the left of the driveway as it curved around to the front entrance, were a large "summer house" and a small gazebo.

In the back, behind the main building, was a large garden that was cultivated. We had a French gardener, Artus Eudore, and he grew all kinds of things down there including celery and all kinds of vegetables. Then behind the main building was a line of garages in which the buses were kept and also the school cars. In the back, in the valley between the main building and the college building, was the heating plant which housed the furnace and the coal shutes. All this was contained in the 28 acres held at that time.

In 1926, Bishop William J. Hafey was named Bishop of Raleigh, North Carolina. It's very hard to even imagine what North Carolina was like in 1926. All the Catholics in North Carolina could get into St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York for one Mass. They were six-tenths of one percent of the Catholics in the United States. Bishop Hafey came from Pennsylvania and was a very fine bishop. He was a good one to start the diocese. He had a friendly way, was a very warm, outgoing person, and he knew how to meet people. There were many non-Catholics, but he knew how to handle everybody. He was diplomatic, well-educated, and he had a pleasant, welcoming manner.

The historic event in this decade happened at the very end. The stock market crashed on October 29, 1929. You have some idea of what it was like because of the stock market crash in October 1987. But this affected history for years and years to come.

The first bank in the country to fail failed in Asheville on November 21, 1929, almost three weeks after the crash. That was also Founders Day. I can remember it just as if it were yesterday. I think we all can remember where we were when President Kennedy was assassinated. I think we

can remember where we were when the Challenger exploded in mid-air. I can remember when the bank failed in Asheville. It was The Citizens' Bank and Trust Company and it was located on the corner of Patton Avenue and Haywood Street. Carpenter Matthews was there later.

Mother Stelling's sister, Ms. Katherine Stelling, lived in Asheville, and she called Mother Stelling early in the morning and said, "Please get the students to pray. The Citizens' Bank and Trust Company has closed." Mother Stelling went around to the different classrooms. She was principal of the Prep and she started in the kindergarten and asked the children to please pray very specially for everyone in Asheville. She went to the first, second, third, fourth and the fifth grades. That was my first year of teaching (I had been professed that year) and I had the sixth grade. Mother Stelling came to the sixth grade to tell us. She did not think that the children would realize what this meant. One of the boys in my class, Dick Chiles, turned white. I turned around and said, "Mother Stelling, Dick Chiles knows what that means." So she asked them to pray and then she left. The reason why Dick Chiles had turned white was because his father had died and he had left a trust fund for him and his brother. The trust fund was to further their education, high school, and college. This meant that the trust fund was gone.

It is impossible for anyone to imagine what happened in Asheville that day and the days following. It was a terrible, terrible tragedy. People committed suicide, some people lost all their money and everything they had. The Sisters were saving their money in the hope of building another building. The main building was getting old and they were saving money to build another building. It took everything they had. Also, another bank failed and that took the other profit they had, too. The Sisters did not have anything. We had to finish the school year and think about the next year.

Families were desperate...just desperate. Some didn't have anything to eat. You cannot imagine but the Sisters told the families who had children at St. Genevieve's to continue to send their children and we would do the best we could, and we would help out where we could. This meant that we had to live on something, too. It was a very, very tragic situation from start to finish. I can't impress on anyone how bad it was.

Having the first bank in the whole United States to fail in Asheville put us at the forefront of the Depression. We were the pioneers experiencing the Depression before any others. No one knew exactly what it was like until it began happening throughout the South and throughout the whole country. Banks failed one after the other. We had boarding students at that time - many from Atlanta, Georgia - and (I think it was the beginning of the first part of December, or maybe second week in December) the father of one of the students from Atlanta committed suicide. The mother called long distance and wanted her daughter to come home. She was a sophomore. She said, "Now please see that she doesn't see a newspaper or anything. I don't want her to know until she gets home. I am going to call her and ask her to come home before Christmas vacation because I need her."

We arranged for the little girl to go home. I took her to the train station and told the porter, "Now under no circumstances allow anyone to give her a newspaper, and see that she does not get a newspaper. There is tragic news in the paper and we don't want her to see it. She is going to Atlanta and please watch out for her very carefully. Don't let any type of paper come through the car that she is in." The porter agreed.

That incident brought the Depression right to our front doorstep. It happened in Knoxville, Nashville, through Tennessee, up through Virginia, and into New York. The terrible failures were happening in the banks all over, in the big cities of the country. It was a very tragic time. The long-lasting effects of the Depression extended into the next decade.

I will use the next cassette to tell more about the Depression and how it affected us and everyone else. To begin this new tape, I am going to regress a little bit to Christmas 1929. We turned down the heat all over the main building with just enough heat on to keep the pipes from

freezing. We kept the heat on in the large classroom at the back part of the study hall. It was the largest classroom in that part of the building. We arranged the desks along the wall where the Sisters could sit and write their letters or do their mending and then we congregated there for recreation, after lunch and in the evening. That's the way we spent our Christmas vacation.

As I remember it now, that Christmas vacation was one of the happiest I ever experienced. The reason why it was such a happy feast, happy season, was because we were very, very poor. We felt more closely connected with the Holy Family in their poor situation in Bethlehem. I think that was why our Christmas was such a happy one.

We did not have any desserts this time of year unless someone sent us something. People were very good to us. We got fruit that we used for dessert. We got some cakes and cookies and things like that, but we did not have any dessert during the holidays unless it was given to us.

We decided that we would start school just the same after Christmas. We would resume classes in January as we always had. The students could come back and their families could pay us as they could and when they could. We thought that was what we should do because we did not want to interrupt the children's education. We thought we would do the very best we could under the circumstances. We would continue school just the same and try to give the students, the boys and girls, the same type of education that they had had all along.

Now, as time went on, as I told you, I had the Depression on my resumé. Now, in Boston, I am a new member of RSVP - Retired Senior Volunteer Program - and since I am the only Sister or the only person from the South, I get called on very frequently because my resumé lists KKK, Prohibition, World War I, World War II, The Great Depression, and The Roaring Twenties (of course, the Great Depression came in the Roaring Twenties). The students usually ask me, "Well, what did you do - what did the Sisters do during the Depression since the first bank that failed was in Asheville?" I say, "Well, we did all kinds of things. One of the first things that started to go was our shoes. We put cardboard in our shoes to keep our feet dry. The cardboard was not very successful. We had to put cardboard in every two or three days."

Then Woolworth's came forth with something at that time, and I have always had a warm place in my heart for Woolworth's ever since. They manufactured rubber tabs. They were regular rubber soles for shoes and they went clear out to the edge of the shoe and you bought them according to your shoe size. The rubber soles had a cross design so you wouldn't slip, then there was another little pad that you glued onto your heels. These rubber pads were glued onto the soles of your shoes and they fit your size. They lasted sometimes, depending on you, six to eight months and sometimes a year. So you simply replaced the pads. You hoped that the top part of your shoe would continue to wear until you got through the first stages of the Depression.

Now about our habits. As our habits began to wear out, we would rip them up, and turn the top to the bottom and the front to the back; we would do the same thing with our sleeves - we would turn them upside down and inside out - do all kinds of things. We mended and mended and mended to keep our clothes going. So in that way we got through the Depression for the first few years - it lasted into the 30's - I think you should know this.

I have these two stories about the Depression that I tell when I go to the schools around Boston.

When I was in one school in Newton North, I was telling about the Depression and later I got a telephone call from one of the boys. He said, "Sister, my teacher wants me to write a paper on how the Depression affected one student in your school. To trace through what happened to one student." I said, "I have a very good one in mind." He said, "May I come over?" I said, "Yes, come over." So he came over Sunday morning and we sat out in the back patio and I told him the story of Dick Chiles.

Now you will remember that I said Dick Chiles turned white when he heard about the banks closing. When his father died, he had originated a trust fund for Dick and his brother John for their

education. So this meant that all their education money was gone. Now, Dick Chiles was in the sixth grade and he was a smart little boy. He was a serious student. He had an original mind and he was just a fine, fine person. He was not only a fine student, but he was a well-rounded person - just a great little boy.

He worked very hard in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. He got a four-year scholarship to Asheville School which he certainly deserved. He went through the school and finished at Asheville School with great honors. He was a great credit to the school. Then he entered the University of North Carolina with a scholarship there. He attended the University of North Carolina for four years. Then came World War II.

Dick was in the Navy during World War II. He was a cryptographer (which means a person who breaks codes). They broke the German, Russian and Japanese codes in World War II. As far as we know, they never knew it. He made a code for the U.S. Forces and as far as we know no one ever broke our code. Our code was safe, but Dick broke the others and that was a remarkable achievement. A great service for his country. He was a fine, intelligent boy and I like to think that maybe if he hadn't had to go through the Depression and hadn't had to work so hard for those scholarships, he would never have been the great credit that he was. Maybe he would have done this anyway, but I like to think that this was a very positive thing that came out of the Depression.

The other story I tell happened years after the Depression. Mother Sharry and I were down in Houston attending the Southern Association Conferences. We stayed with the Sisters of Incarnate Word about seven miles from the center of town. That was out in the boondocks then, but I think Houston has been out that way a long time. Every morning we had to go into the Rice Hotel for the Southern Association meetings. A gentleman who drove us in was also their handyman. I will call him Mr. Jim Davis. He turned to us as we were driving and said, "Sisters, my name is Jim Davis. Where do you Sisters come from?" Mother Sharry said, "Mr. Davis, we come from Asheville, North Carolina." He said, "Oh, Asheville, North Carolina. I have a very warm place in my heart for North Carolina. During the Depression my family and I lived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I did not have a job. This particular Sunday that we went to Mass at the church in Philadelphia, Bishop Hafey said he knew it was a very bad time to ask for money anywhere because of the Depression, but he said he would like to build small churches throughout North Carolina. He said that he would appreciate anything that anyone could put in the second collection plate. He said he knew that it would be very hard but to give what we could." Mr. Davis said, "I just had one dollar. That's all I had left, was one dollar. We had our Sunday dinner and all I had left was one dollar." Now when I am telling this to the students I usually take a dollar from my wallet and if I don't have one, I borrow one from one of the students. I hold up that one dollar bill and say, "Just imagine if you can, that this is your last dollar. You do not have another penny in the world. This is your last dollar. Just try to imagine that." And, of course, they can't. Just as I can't anymore.

Mr. Davis said that he looked at his wife. His wife nodded her head, and when the collection plate came along, he put in his last dollar for the missions of North Carolina. After Mass, he said as he and his family were leaving church, the parish priest said, "Mr. Davis, just a minute." So he stopped and Father said, "Mr. Davis, you have won the bicycle in the bicycle raffle." He said that he had paid 10 cents for a chance to get a bicycle so his son could have a bicycle and could go around delivering papers, which would help out a little bit since he did not have a job. "So we won the bicycle and it was a very good bicycle and we sold it and got enough to live on for a month." He said, "That's the reason why I have a warm place in my heart for North Carolina. I gave my last dollar to the missions of North Carolina and I got a bicycle back. Of course, that came from the Lord, but if I hadn't given my last dollar to North Carolina, I don't think I would have gotten that bicycle." This will bring home to you just exactly what the Depression was like. This is an impressive story for the students. They *see* that this man was down to his last dollar.

I have just discovered that I am going to have to go back even further into the 20's. I have not the courage to retape the Depression over again.

When we think of the 20's, "Depression" looms across the horizon in great big, large letters - all capitals. When I was making this tape, the temperature was 98 degrees in Boston, which broke all the records for that day. Perhaps that was the reason that I skipped quite a few rather important events that affected St. Genevieve's.

One of the most important things that happened was the completion of the college building in 1922. It was a four-year college and in due time it was declared a senior college, Grade A. It was accredited by the State of North Carolina, the Southern Association of Women's Colleges, and it was a member of the American Council of Education. A diploma from St. Genevieve's really meant something.

Our philosophy examination questions came from Catholic University and our papers in philosophy all went back to Catholic University to be corrected. This took in the history of philosophy, psychology, epistemology, cosmology, ethics, and logic. When I was working on my Masters in the early 30's at Catholic University, I was introduced to a priest and he said, "I used to correct your papers from St. Genevieve's." I said, "You did, Father?" He said, "Yes. You were a smart girl." I said, "Thank you very much, Father. All the girls down there were smart. We had to be to pass your examinations." He said, "Well, I always enjoyed the papers from you girls. You were a good class. You were well educated." I was very happy to hear that. I said, "Father, we had good instruction and we had a good education and we worked very, very hard. It was hard work and particularly when we were preparing for you."

The other event or part of our history happened in the early 20's. It happened down in the laundry at St. Genevieve's. When we purchased the Victoria Inn, we acquired a very well equipped laundry in the basement. It had big tubs, washing machines, a big mangle, and lines all across a large section of the basement for drying clothes in the wintertime. The Sisters' laundry went there; the boarding students' laundry went there; it was a big undertaking. Now Sister Louise LePetit, a lay Sister from France, was in charge of the laundry. She had Negro women working for her. She had a good staff that was doing all the laundry, ironing, everything — it was a big job, particularly when the boarding students were there. Several of these Negro women expressed the wish to become Catholics.

The scene now switches from Sister LePetit, who was a very fine Sister. She was a very holy nun. Mother Delamare was a French Sister who came from France and had entered our Order but had wanted to work in the foreign missions. However, she did not have sufficient health, so she joined our Order to be a teacher. She came to the United States and came down to Asheville and taught French. She had always wanted to be in foreign missions so when these Negro women asked for instruction, Mother Delamare was thrilled to death. Every Sunday afternoon she would take them either to the laundry or to the big summer house in the back and instruct them. Then it came to their husbands and their children and then eventually to their grandchildren until Mother Delamare had a big group of people whom she was instructing.

They made their First Holy Communion and were taken into the Church and so it went. The group got larger and larger. Eventually St. Anthony's Church was built on Walton Street and a new school for Negro children. The school was conducted and staffed by the Franciscan priests and the Franciscan Sisters. I think there were four or five Franciscan Sisters who came to teach in St. Anthony's School and two Franciscan priests who were the pastors of St. Anthony's Church. It was a very fine little church and people used to come from all over because their singing was so exceptional.

Mother Delamare worked from one end of the year to the other making things for the children. If any of the boarding students left anything behind, she would take it and wash and mend it. She had caps and mittens, and other Sisters used to help out with knitting too. She had all

this in little packages for the children for Christmas. Every year they would give a Christmas program in the laundry. They would use one of the clotheslines to pull the curtain back and forth and we would all go for their performance. The plays were very, very good. The interesting thing was that all those little Negro children had French accents. Very marked French accents. Just exactly as Sister Delamare would say it. They would sing all kinds of songs and then they would end with the nativity scene. There was a black St. Joseph and a black Blessed Mother. Sometimes she could get a little black baby, but sometimes she couldn't and she would have the statue that we used for all our Christmas plays. It was a really worthwhile enterprise. Mother Delamare was heart and soul in this. That is really why the bishop decided to have a Catholic school and a Catholic church to accommodate all the children, all the Catholics Mother Delamare had trained. This very interesting part of our history began in the early 1920's.

Another important event in the later 1920's was the opening of a novitiate in Asheville at St. Genevieve's. If a girl wished to enter the convent, she had to go to the Mother House in Tournai, Belgium, for her training. It was far away and expensive and then it was not in the United States. It was in another country. So the Order decided to open the novitiate. It lasted two years with Mother Lucienne Jannin as the first Mistress of Novices. Jane McGarraghy from Chicago, a college girl, was the first to enter — August 25, 1926. Next was Ann Zeleznik from Cleveland in February 1927. Mary Gibson from Charleston, South Carolina, entered also in February 1927. Margaret Potts came along on August 25, 1927, at the end of her junior year, leaving just a few more hours to be completed easily afterwards.

The novitiate consisted of a two-year period with the first six months as a postulant. When you are a postulant, you enter and you have a black dress below your knees, short cape, and black bonnet with a short black veil, and it has a little piece of white racking across the front. You wear that all the time, and if you go to town, you wear a black hat and a black coat if necessary. At the end of the six-month period, you receive the habit. You have a white veil instead of black veil and you do not have the crucifix or the heart or ring. You enter into your canonical year which is a year of very strict training in the religious life. At the end of that year you have six months left in your novitiate so you teach or help out in the class or do something like that. Then you are professed -- that means you make your first vows at the end of two years. For instance, I made my first vows on August 25, 1929.

Those first vows of poverty, chastity and obedience last for one year. Then you make them again for another year and then at the end of the two-year period you make them for three years. At the end of three years, if you are accepted by the Order, you make your final vows. So, from the day you entered until your final profession is a seven-year period. If you can't make up your mind in seven years what you want to do, God help you! It's a very interesting preparation. At the end of each time when your vows expire, you are free to leave because your vows have expired, but very few leave. They stay in the religious life. You have a good preparation for the life that is to come. You are well prepared in your religious subjects and well prepared to teach. In the novitiate, you have courses in how to be a good teacher, and courses in both education and the psychology of education.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE THIRTIES

The school year was punctuated with all types of programs that the students put on in the grammar school, the high school and the college. Some of them were literary programs, literary readings, or music recitals. The year was well divided into all types of programs in which the students entertained or that were outlets for them to express themselves. I think one of the most interesting programs that we had at this time in our history was a series of four little plays put on by the grammar school. It was called The Life of St. Joan of Arc. The boarding students of the Prep prepared one part for each month.

These little plays were entirely in French and Jane Curran, a little redheaded, freckle-faced student, in about the sixth or seventh grade, was Joan of Arc. She was exceptional. She put her heart and soul into being Joan of Arc. She spoke French very well and Mother Joubert, assisted by Mother Stelling, prepared the students to act out their parts. I can remember there were about 10 or 12 of the boarding students that were in these programs and when Joan of Arc died — burned at the stake — I don't think there was a dry eye in the audience. It was so, so dramatic and well done. And this happened several times during the series. I can remember when she learned from St. Michael and St. Margaret that she was going to be a martyr if she took charge of the armies of France, how she reacted to this. It was an excellent little series and it gave those children a way of expressing themselves, and particularly in French. They were fine little actresses and spoke French well. I think this was one of the finest programs that ever came out of the grammar school. The boarding students of the Prep in the cast were Patricia Carey, Bernice Pietri, Betty Hutsil, Jane Curran, Charlotte Gardner, Marion Perley, Christine Zimmerman, Marie Pietri, Alden Howell and Mary Zimmerman.

In June 1930, the four-year senior college held its last graduation exercises and awarded its last bachelor of arts degrees. There were not enough students to warrant continuing as a four-year college. In Asheville at that time there was Asheville-Biltmore College, a co-educational junior college, and also a community college. Asheville could not support two colleges. St. Genevieve's four-year senior college closed. It became St. Genevieve's Junior College and opened in September 1930, offering junior college classes.

It had two departments - one department was for girls who wished to go on and continue their college elsewhere; this was a two-year college course and led to an AA degree, which is Associate in Art. The other department of the junior college was a school for secretaries which prepared the girls for the business world. The junior college continued until 1955-more about that later.

In the summer of 1931, the Sisters opened Little Flower Camp, a camp located in a farming and woodland area between Asheville and Hendersonville - 125 acres on the banks of the French Broad River. The campsite was at some distance from the river, so we rarely saw it. The camp was named Little Flower Camp in honor of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, a French Carmelite who was canonized in the twentiethth century and who was familiarly and affectionately called "Little Flower."

It carried out this motif all the way through, like the life of the Little Flower. The camp colors were brown (the color of the Carmelite habit) and orange. It accepted girls from 6 to 16 and usually the camp had from 50 to 60 girls there. The first building built was a large dining room - a log cabin with logs and cement in between. The ends of the logs were painted orange. The tables and the chairs were all rustic - most of the chairs were made from cinnamon birch. There were four large cabins for the girls according to their age; Les Buissonnets was for the youngest children; next

was La Rosarae; the third cabin was called Villa Colombe; and the fourth cabin for the oldest girls was called Normandie. There was a recreation building, called the Lodge, which had a fireplace at one end where they could square dance, minuet, etc; a ping pong table was at another end.

There was an arts and crafts room with tables all around the edge. There was also over in another part of the property, not too far away from the camp, a building for the Sisters to live in, that was called Carmel. Just close to the Sisters' residence was a beautiful chapel. It was called the Little Flower Chapel and it could accommodate the Sisters and the girls. It was a beautiful rustic chapel and we had Mass there every day and on the weekends, too. The campers could attend, but it was really for the Sisters.

The camp had a large lake and a swimming pool for beginning swimmers. There was a basketball court, a tennis court, several tetherball courts, a volleyball court, and a tennequoit court. Up through the woods was a riding ring for the girls who took riding. The riding ring surrounded a skating rink for the children to skate in the evenings. It was made in the shape of a large wild rose, a great big circular skating rink.

The camp provided all the programs that any camp would and, in addition there was French conversation every morning, then swimming, followed by lunch, rest hour, then crafts, then swimming, then supper and some kind of program at the end of the day. It was a very well-organized and well-conducted camp.

The ladies from the camp directories of the popular magazines came to visit the camp. They usually came together - "Parents' Magazine," "Cosmopolitan," "Redbook" - all the popular women's magazines that had camp sections in their advertising sections. These women were charming and they just loved the camp. They would want to stay all day. They had such a nice time going around seeing everything and they were appalled at how little we charged. Six weeks at camp was $120. You must remember this is back in the 30's. They thought our camp offered more than any other camp that they had visited and furthermore it was the top-ranking camp in North Carolina. We were No. 1. Of course, this was not generally known, but if anyone wrote into the camp department of the State of North Carolina, they would find that The Little Flower Camp was Number 1 - sanitary-wise, program-wise, equipment-wise, every-wise. We were sometimes suggested to the parents who would write to the camp department of the State to find out what kind of camp we had. These ladies said, "Oh, Sister, you should charge several hundred dollars - you should charge at least $500." But the Religious of Christian Education kept it at $120 for the years it lasted.

Little Flower Camp ran from 1931 through the summer of 1941; the next year World War II had started and we could not get food out there. We didn't have the gas or the tires to take priests out to say Mass. None of the wholesalers could spare the gas and they had to save their tires.

During the 30's the Academy girls would go out on Saturdays and swim and in the colder weather we would even go out and build a fire in the fireplace and cook our weenies (hot dogs) and picnic, but the big thing that everybody liked back in the 30's was the Academy Halloween parties out there. A group of girls would go out and get everything ready; then the other girls would come out in the school buses and we just had the greatest time. It was a natural place to go for Halloween. We would have supper and all kinds of games and treasure hunts, that sort of thing. Then we would come back to school about 9 p.m.

When the war came and we could not take the girls out there for Saturday trips, we would go out on the public bus to Rugby Road and walk in and spend the day at camp and then come back and pick up the bus. We got to go out there even during the war when the school bus could not take us. Several of the girls from the Academy were counselors at camp through the years and it was a wonderful experience. Part of me was out there, as I ran the camp for a few years. I always loved that little section and I still recall the very happy times we spent there.

In 1932, we celebrated the bicentennial of George Washington's birthday. Washington was born February 22, 1732, so we celebrated his bicentennial all during the year. Irving Berlin wrote a very stirring song that commemorated the occasion; I can still remember the song - I can't sing it but I can remember the words. The words go like this and it is typical of Irving Berlin, with his interior rhyme: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. This is the story of Washington. This is the glory of Washington. His spirit is here, his spirit is here. He's standing, commanding above. In word and deed we follow the lead of the Father of the land we love."

All during the bicentennial, the students in the three departments gave very patriotic programs. I remember the girls at the college gave papers about Washington as a man of character, gave the whole story of his life — very good papers. There were patriotic programs given by the high school, also by the Prep all through the year, and I think these brought home to all the students the importance of George Washington as the father of our country. We really celebrated his bicentennial in every way possible, and the country did, too. The state and the national government had a regular year of celebrations.

In 1933, we celebrated our Silver Jubilee. St. Genevieve's had been founded 25 years before on January 6, 1908, at 48 Starnes Avenue in Asheville. At this point, I think it is very appropriate to recall one of Mother Deplanck's dreams. She had this dream before she came to the United States when she was a younger Sister in England, where she had founded Hillside Convent. The dream did not seem to fit there. She dreamed of three lilies, rather good-sized in the foreground. Behind the three white lilies was range upon range upon range of soft, hazy blue mountains. When she came to North Carolina and to Asheville and saw the Blue Ridge Mountains and saw that blue haze which often hangs over the mountains in Western North Carolina, she remembered her dream of the three lilies in front of the mountain ranges, which went on for just miles and miles. She thought maybe that meant three foundations which the three lilies would represent. And they did.

The next school that we founded was a parochial school in West Asheville called St. Joan of Arc. Also we had a parochial school in Hendersonville called Immaculata School. So that was the three lilies. You can think of the three lilies as being the college, the high school and the Prep, or you can think of it a different way - we would like to think of it as the three schools. St. Genevieve's, St. Joan of Arc, and Immaculata. Those schools came as a result of the first 25 years that we were in Asheville.

At this time at St. Genevieve's there were three hundred students, so the celebration went on through the whole year for the Silver Jubilee. One of the first things I remember doing during the Christmas vacation before we started in January 1933, was going over to Starnes Avenue and seeing the first little house where they started the school. Surprisingly, it had a small tower on one side of the building, too. I made a cardboard building of Starnes Avenue - it was rather hard to get the porches, and the windows all in -- it was painted green with white trim and that little house, the founding house, was displayed in all the programs on a special table.

We had special graduation exercises. Bishop Hafey came to preside and he stayed for all three - the college, the high school and the grammar school. The alumnae made a special celebration. After the school year was over, we had a banquet that 75 alumnae attended. It was a very memorable occasion and a very happy celebration. I think the alumnae banquet was more or less the ending for that year of the Silver Jubilee celebrations.

In 1936, the new auditorium was completed. It was arranged on the other side of the driveway, right in the spot where Mother Deplanck was buried (her body, of course, was removed). The first graduation exercises were held there June 2, 1937. Bishop Hafey presided at the Academy graduation and 16 girls received their diplomas. It was a very important occasion

because these were the first graduation exercises in the new auditorium which added a great amount of dignity and a certain sense of well-being to the whole occasion.

The new auditorium was planned to hold an audience of 600. There was a large stage in the front, and at the back there was a balcony divided into three sections with two stairs going up. Under the balcony were two small rooms - one for storing the chairs and one that had a sink and could be used for parties. There was a large vestibule coming in at the front door. There were big double doors. On the right there was a little ticket window and on the left was a bulletin board. When you entered there were no steps, just simply level - you just walked right in and there in front was the large stage with wings on each side. On the right of the stage were stairs going down under the stage where there was a dressing room. Under the auditorium proper was a large room which was used for many occasions which we will talk about later.

The last item of this report of the 1930's occurred in 1939 when the Academy boarding students moved their rooms to the college building, starting in September 1939. They had the bedrooms on the left side of the second floor and continued down there until the last.

CHAPTER SIX

WORLD WAR II YEARS

The month of September 1939, was a very special month. All during that month a war cloud hung over the whole world and we expected the declaration of war momentarily. The Sisters took turns listening to the radio to hear what was happening in Europe. I remember the day - it was September 29, 1939, early in the morning. I was walking up from the college building where I lived, up to the main building to go to prayer. At the foot of the steps there was low shrubbery all around and each morning there was a little spider that had a very intricate web there and it was filled with dew in the mornings. I would stop to look at it before I went up the stairs. I remember on the morning of September 29, 1939, right in the middle of his web was spelled out in some kind of white mesh - WAR. I have never forgotten it. I have always wondered how this could be and when I went up the steps and went inside, the Sisters were there and they said that Nazi Germany had marched on Poland, and thus began World War II.

The Germans then proceeded to take the Scandinavian peninsula, Denmark, and the Netherlands, marching down through Belgium and Luxembourg into France. This was a lightning blow to all these countries. It was almost instant invasion. Also, on the East they marched into Hungary, down into Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Romania -- this was an invasion on all fronts and almost involuntarily the United States was drawn into this War.

Mother Galvin, who was head of the Children of Mary Sodality, thought it would be appropriate to have a reception on Sunday, December 7, 1941, because there was a holiday the next day and more people could attend. The ceremonies started about 3 p.m. and it was a lovely reception. The Children of Mary received their green or blue ribbons, then we had a little sermon and the ceremony was followed by benediction. As we came out of the chapel about 4 p.m., someone had just received word from town that the American Navy had been bombed by the Japanese in Pearl Harbor. They had destroyed a large number of ships in the American fleet that was stationed there.

On Monday, December 8, President Roosevelt, backed by Congress, declared war on Japan. Some Japanese representatives had been in Washington at the very time, negotiating for a peaceful settlement. Imagine! This was like a stab in the back. President Roosevelt and our country felt betrayed.

On Tuesday, December 9, 1941, President Roosevelt was to speak to the American people so all the Academy girls were gathered in the study hall to listen as he explained what had happened. Perhaps you never heard President Roosevelt, but he had a remarkable voice. It was well-modulated, but it was also very expressive. He talked to us more as if we were a family. The girls were wide-eyed. They listened to everything he had to say and it was very well done. He explained what had happened - that we had been stabbed in the back - a very treacherous deed - but that we would fight. We would marshal our forces and we would fight.

The next day, Wednesday, December 10, at assembly that morning, all the girls were there and I spoke to them and I said, "Girls, I do not think you realize what has happened. We are at war. We are at war on two fronts - one in Europe and one in the Pacific. There is going to be a change in your lives right now. Food is going to be rationed, we are going to be required to make all kinds of sacrifices, and we must pray. War is a terrible, terrible thing. I hope this war will not last long, but we never can tell. Your fathers may be called; your brothers and your future husbands may be killed in this war. This is something serious to think about. We must all do our best and play our part and contribute in whatever ways we can. The school will contribute in what ways it can and you must do what you can. We shall all be in this until it is over but the big thing,

girls, I ask you, is that you keep this whole conflict in your prayers. Pray that it will soon end and that it will not bring too many changes to our world."

We had a marked increase in boarding students as families were being moved around. Fathers were entering the service, brothers too, and families were being moved from one place to another. To ensure a steady education for their girls, many parents enrolled their children in St. Genevieve's as boarding students. We even had a little group of first, second and third grade pupils and we called them "the Infantry." Mother Joubert and Mother Denault and other Sisters looked out for them very carefully. Also, there was an increase of boarding students in the Academy and we took care of them. It was a wise idea for the parents to enroll their children in the school because, otherwise, they would be in two or three schools in one year when their fathers were changed from one post to another or from one camp to another. We tried to make the girls feel as happy as possible.

The big factor in any war is the rationing of food. Everyone was given a ration book and the rations were short. Sugar was rationed, meat, flour - just about everything. When the girls came to school in September, they had to bring their ration books. Of course, the Cuban girls did not have ration books so that was a problem because we had to divide our rations with them. They were used to sugar, so we had to be very strict about their consumption of sugar.

Mother Zeleznik was in charge of these ration books and I do not grasp, understand, or comprehend how she accomplished the miracles that she did, food-wise. We had good, well-rounded, well-balanced meals, and we were not deprived of very much. She had trouble getting the meat, but the Sisters and the boarding students were all well nourished during the war. Other things that were rationed were gasoline and tires. We had to prove our need for gasoline, and we were given a certain amount of gasoline per month. When it ran out, it just ran out. You have to go through a war to realize all the facets of your life that it enters. It took in every phase of life.

Asheville became very involved. It was deep in the war, head over heels and heart deep. The Weather Wing of the Army Air Corps was brought to the Arcade Building. Weather records from all over the world came in there. As the war progressed, Kenilworth Inn became the Naval Convalescent Hospital for wounded servicemen from all over the Pacific Theatre. Out near Swannanoa the government built a large, barracks-type hospital staffed by a corps of Army doctors. Boys with tropical diseases were also flown in there because the high altitude was especially helpful for their recovery.

The Asheville Normal School, which was across from St. Genevieve's, was considered a Redistribution Center, and the Army was there. So we had the Naval Convalescent Hospital, Army Redistribution Center and the Weather Wing of the Army Air Corps. We did not have the Marines in Asheville, except those sent to the Naval Hospital to convalesce.

Under St. Lawrence Church was a canteen for the soldiers. It was called Laurentine Canteen and the soldiers would go there for recreation. They kept it supplied with coffee and donuts, and they had desks where the soldiers could write. They kept a regular little social program going there. It was a place of leisure for them to come to. There were canteens dotted all over the city planned for their recreation. We were almost like a mobilized city ourselves - all these things were going on during the war. The girls helped out where they could and they served in different ways. It was an all-out effort on everybody's part.

I think it might be interesting to take one family and go with this family through the war. Charles Parsons was from Tennessee. He was baptized by the same priest who gave me the Last Annointing when I was seriously ill with peritonitis in a Chattanooga hospital. This family had moved from Tennessee to the Philippines, where they had large sugar plantations, and Charles grew up in the Philippines as a young man. He was called "Chick" Parsons all his life, so it seems peculiar calling him Charles.

He married an Army girl (her father was stationed in the Philippines), and they had several children. On the night that Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese, he and Cotsy, his wife, were at a dance and they came down in their evening clothes and set fire to a small Philippine fleet that was there in the harbor of Manila. They set all those ships on fire so the Japanese would not get the Philippine Navy. It wasn't very large, but the Philippines did not want the Japanese to get it.

Then Chick made plans to get his wife and children out of the Philippines. He was able to get them out. I think he had three boys and they got out under a Panamanian passport to Panama. Of course, he had some very valuable papers that he was bringing over with him from the Philippines, and he put these papers in a little toy satchel that his youngest boy carried. The little boy was about four or five years old and he had those very important papers in his toy satchel. No one ever thought about looking in there. They searched all of Chick's papers and his wife's papers, but they never thought about looking into the little toy satchel.

From Panama, Chick brought Cotsy and the children up to Asheville and they lived out in Biltmore Forest with some friends. Their children came to St. Genevieve's and Chick went back to the Philippines. He was in the Philippines all during World War II. He was a liaison man with General Douglas MacArthur, who went to Australia. So Chick went back and forth between General MacArthur in Australia and the Philippine Islands with supplies. Back and forth by submarine was a very dangerous mission. He wrote a book later which was called *Rendezvous by Submarine*. What he would bring from Australia was supplies that the Philippines would need in war. I remember one time he remarked that he had brought up fifty pounds of good white flour to make hosts for the Filipino Catholics. He also brought gasoline and whatever else he could bring. I was very touched by the fifty pounds of pure white flour to make hosts for the Filipino Catholics.

When the war ended, Chick came back to the United States and he came to St. Genevieve's and told us about his exploits and adventures and experiences. He had some very, very narrow escapes. Of course, the submarine mission back and forth to Australia was a very dangerous one, but he had other near misses too. When he was on land, they were searching for him and they would come in one door looking for him as he would be going out the back door. He said once he scaled a fence and he could never understand how he got over it, but he got over it, and said his adrenalin must have been flowing freely. He was a very interesting man and a hero. When the peace was settled, he and his family went back to the Philippines. He loved the Filipino people. He went back to help them get back on their feet after World War II.

About this time, and this happened every year during the war at Easter time, the girls would give me two baby ducks. I think it started in 1941, and I would call the ducks Paschal and Laetitia. Paschal means Easter and Laetitia means joy. So they were called Easter Joy. They gave me a lot of happiness and a lot of pleasure to the girls. When they first started out, they were just little balls of yellow fuzz and they could fit right in the palm of your hand. In fact, they liked to sit in the palm of your hand because it was nice and warm.

As they grew older, their permanent white feathers started growing and they were pure white. They were Peking ducks and the drake, Paschal, had feathers in his tail that curled toward his head. But Laetitia, the female, did not have a curl in her tail. That's how you could tell the drakes from the ducks. All in all, I had about six sets of them. The girls said it was like the Pope, Paschal and Laetitia I, Paschal and Laetitia II, etc. through Paschal and Laetitia VI. (But more about Paschal and Laetitia later.)

Also, at this time Father Stephen Meaney, S.J., was chaplain to the Fighting 69th. He came to Asheville for a period of convalescence and brought some soldiers out to St. Genevieve's for Mass on Sunday. He would celebrate the Mass, and the boys would stay for a little bit and talk to the Sisters and then leave.

Over at the Naval Convalescent Hospital in Kenilworth, Father Francis Ballinger was the Naval Chaplain. He had been on board two ships that had been sunk. Father Ballinger was just 37 years old at this time, but he had snow-white hair. He was devoted to the sailors, and he thought of all kinds of things to make them happy. So each Sunday in the summertime, Father Ballinger would bring over six or seven sailors for Mass and then he would take them back again. After Mass they would sit out on the porch and talk with the Sisters for a little while. Father Ballinger thought this was good for them because they had been through the terrible horrors of war, and he thought talking with the Sisters would be a very calming and pleasant experience for them.

I remember one Sunday we were sitting on the porch and I said, "Boys, there are two members of the Navy in the back yard if you would like to go back and see them." And, of course, I didn't say who was in the back yard but about four or five of them jumped up and went out to the back yard. Paschal and Laetitia were very tame. They came walking toward us, clucking and quacking; they were so happy to see somebody and they liked the boys. They would nibble on their shoe strings and they would walk around them and quack very excitedly. The boys (I think they must have been farm boys) were so thrilled to see those ducks and the ducks made such a fuss over them. I would say, "Now, Paschal and Laetitia, put your heads down and pray for the Navy." So they would lower their heads and they would make a noise in their beaks and this would thrill the boys to death. They would say, "Have them pray again." I would say, "All right, Paschal and Laetitia, pray for the Navy." And they would put their heads down and make the noise with their beaks again. Whenever the boys came over, they would say, "We will have to go to the back yard and see Paschal and Laetitia." That gave those boys much pleasure.

Another thing Father Ballinger did on some afternoons in the summertime was to bring over several famous boys, and they would sit on the porch and tell us about their experiences. One was a boy who had been with the Flying Tigers under General Chennault in Burma and his experiences would turn anybody's hair grey. He would say, "Do you think I should tell the Sisters this, Father?" Father Ballinger would say, "Go ahead. They may as well know the horrors of war.... The way it really is." Then he would tell us about one of the terrible experiences that he had himself. Once he had to pretend that he was dead and they almost killed him. He didn't breathe, just lay there with his head down and they gave him a big kick. He stayed limp and they went off and left him and it saved his life. He had such close calls.

Another young man had been on board the *USS Copperfin*, a submarine, featured in the movie *Destination Tokyo*. The *USS Copperfin* was on a secret mission. It had gone into Tokyo Bay and had surfaced and had let some young men out to go to the shore to reconnoiter for the time when we would bomb Tokyo. They were getting all the information they could about the winds and tides, etc. Then they came back out. Well, they were spotted and so was the submarine's location. There were depth bombs dropped on either side of the submarine, but they never really hit the submarine. A young man was in the storage room, and when one of the depth bombs dropped near the submarine, some of the supplies rolled over on him and crushed him very badly. He had to be put back together again and he was in the Naval Convalescent Hospital. He came to tell us about his experiences. Before that, we had seen the movie *Destination Tokyo*, so we knew what he had been up against. It was a full-length movie, but it was really quite revealing about the different things we did in preparation for ending the war.

The war began to end about 1944. Big plans were made in England for a massive invasion of the French coast. They were collecting their forces and their supplies and trains. This invasion was going to be beyond anything we had ever heard of before and they were just waiting for the weather and to get their supplies together. They thought the day had arrived - it was called D-Day. They first planned it for June 5, but the weather was not conducive. So on June 6, D-Day began early in the morning. They had gliders to carry the sailors across. They had planes. They had

boats. They had submarines. All this was going to simultaneously cross the Channel and the forces were going to land on all those Normandy beaches.

D-Day was a tremendous day. It also happened that it was our Commencement Day and early in the morning, the valedictorian of the class called and said, "Mother Potts, this is D-Day." I said, "Yes, it is." She asked, "Would you mind if I put D-Day in my valedictory?" I said, "I think it would be great." She asked, "Would you like to see it?" I said, "No, you write it from your heart and I will hear it tonight." So she did. She put in a fine little paragraph about D-Day and the parents were quite impressed because she had caught the spirit of the day. That was 1944 - June 6. The beginning of the end.

This is not meant to be a history of World War II. It is meant to be a school history, but the history of World War II and the school history were intermingled. You must remember, once we landed on the Normandy beaches, our invasion had to go across France, through Luxembourg, Belgium, into Germany to bring an end to the war. This was a slow process, however. They had decided long before that when the Germans surrendered they would call it "VE-Day" - Victory in Europe. D-Day, as you know, was June 6, 1944, and VE-Day was May 8, 1945 -- almost eleven months after our forces landed on the Normandy beaches.

When the war was over in Europe, we could concentrate our forces in the Pacific and particularly on the defeat of Japan. This is another story and took a long time, too. This was a matter of returning island by island, up and down the Pacific area, around Japan. It was very tedious and very time consuming. The Japanese would not surrender. It was part of their religion. On August 6, 1945, we dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima. It destroyed three-fifths of Hiroshima and killed thousands of civilians. Then we dropped the bomb again on August 9 - three days later - on Nagasaki. This city was almost completely wiped out.

There has been great debate about the atomic bomb and about our dropping it. I doubt it was a moral act. But as a consequence of the atomic bomb, the lives of many soldiers were saved and the Japanese surrendered August 15, 1945. That was VJ-Day - Victory over Japan.

I remember that on August 15, 1945, it was the feast of the Blessed Mother's Assumption into Heaven. We were going to have a cookout by the auditorium. We had an outdoor grill there and we were preparing hot dogs and hamburgers for the Sisters. The Sisters were all in the chapel at vespers with just a few of us in the yard preparing for the picnic. Then we heard the bells ringing in Asheville. Church bells ringing, sirens going, and we said, "This is VJ-Day." We ran in to tell the Sisters in the chapel so that we could all say a prayer of thanksgiving. On the way I lost a slipper - just like Cinderella. I just limped into the chapel so that we could all kneel and say an earnest prayer of thanksgiving that the war in the Pacific was over.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

When I was giving you a tour of the campus, I started down at the gate and came up the drive and brought you to the main entrance of the main building, and we stopped there. On the left side of the main building down from the chapel were almost two acres of land. As you came around the curve to the main entrance, on the left was a large statue of the Sacred Heart, larger than life-size. It was on a pile of rock and in front was an oval rose garden and behind the statue was a row of pine trees. The pines curved around and they were very tall and made a great background for the statue. Over to the right of that statue was a path going down to the grotto. The girls called that section of our land behind the statue of the Sacred Heart the Holy Gardens. There was a path going down with trees hanging over it that led to a grotto made of stone. It had been hand-erected and in one niche on the right was a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. It was to imitate the grotto at Lourdes in France. On her right was a little archway and inside was an altar where we could offer Mass from time to time.

On the right of the grotto was a little circle with benches and chairs with a tree right in the middle. It was protected by a stone wall on three sides. The Sisters used to come there in the summertime for recreation. It was private and cool. In front of the grotto was a rose garden. It was a half-circle and extended clear across that whole area. There was a walk that went around it. That is where the Sisters, in fine weather, would walk up and down saying vespers. On the extreme left was a fence and a hedge that separated us from the Memminger Estate. Mr. and Mrs. Memminger had built a beautiful manor house there. Our land adjoined the Memminger Estate.

Mrs. Memminger died in 1948, and the property was for sale. We bought the Memminger Estate, the house, the garage, the little residence in the back and the land for $50,000. This was on 12 Oakland Road so the St. Genevieve's property went from Oakland Road fronted by Victoria Road and down to Livingston Street.

The manor house was brick and stucco, a beautiful house. Behind it was a two-car garage and above that were Mr. Memminger's offices. He had two large rooms where he conducted his business. In the back, in a little valley, was a small residence for one of their servants. The property adjoined our property so this was a very lucky happenstance that the land was for sale and we could get it.

Mrs. Memminger had bought land across the street on Oakland Road so that nobody could build in front of her, so this added nine more acres, making a total of 35 acres for the St. Genevieve's campus. Reverend Mother Sharry thought it would be a good idea to buy some of the furnishings. We bought what we thought we would need. But the rest of her things (she had quite an art collection) were sold at auction. Mrs. Memminger at one time was a great friend of Mother Deplanck's and we had even heard that she was going to leave her property to the Sisters. But at her age, one changes one's mind very frequently. She died at 88 and she did not leave the property to St. Genevieve's. She left it to The Norburn Hospital and Memorial Mission Hospital to be divided equally between. They would get $25,000 of the sale price and the money from the auction.

We had felt for many years that we needed a separate boys' school. Little boys were enrolling in the first grade. We kept the first grade with a limited enrollment of 25 students and we did not go over that. Little boys would come in the first grade and the second grade perhaps and would leave by the third or fourth grade because they did not want to be in a girls' school. Meanwhile, when they were in the first and second grades, they had taken the place of girls who

might continue all the way through the twelve grades. There was a good number of boys in these grades - half the class.

Mother Sharry and her Council decided to establish a School for Boys on the Memminger Estate. They were going to call the school Gibbons Hall School for Boys in honor of Cardinal Gibbons, who was the first American cardinal named to the College of Cardinals in Rome. The manor house consisted of fourteen rooms. On the ground floor there was a large drawing room. Across the front on the other side was a large library. Behind the drawing room was a large dining room and behind that a pantry and a kitchen. On the back, behind the library, was a den. A stairway going up in the middle branched out and went across to the second floor.

On the mezzanine floor was a Tiffany stained glass window and it was beautiful. It was in opalescent colors and extended across the whole mezzanine which was a beautiful spectacle when you came in the front entrance. On the second floor were four large bedrooms, on the four corners of the building, each with a bath. There was also a large hall up there, too. On the front was a small morning room where Mrs. Memminger used to meet the servants every morning to outline the duties and plans for the day. Opposite the morning room was a large walk-in cedar closet. At the back of the second floor, above the kitchen and dining room, were two rooms and a bath. There was also a back stairs that went up from the back porch to the servants' quarters.

Mother Sharry planned to open the boys' school for the year 1949-1950. They were going to convert the carriage house into four classrooms. One class was to be in the library of the main house. A building was later erected consisting of three large classrooms with good window space; each with its own restroom. The teachers were Mother Joubert, Mother Day, Mother Torpy and Mother Galvin who taught seventh grade English. All was ready for the opening of school by fall, but who was to head Gibbons Hall?

The following year Joseph M. Lalley, Jr. joined the faculty and an eighth grade was added. The first and fourth grade were separated. The plan was to eliminate two grades in a room each subsequent year and to add a new teacher to the faculty. It became necessary to build the primary building to afford sufficient space. It was later called Pinto Hall in his honor.

Mother Sharry decided it would be wise to give all the buildings on the campus a name. The manor house was called Deplanck Hall because Mother Deplanck had been a frequent visitor there and Mrs. Memminger and Mother Deplanck were such good friends. The three buildings (the manor, the carriage house and the new primary building all comprised Gibbons Hall School for Boys. The original main building and auditorium kept their old names but the college building was called Lorin Hall because Reverend Mother Lorin had built it during her term of office. It was eventually to house the Academy girls.

Lorin Hall at this time was completely renovated. The downstairs was done over: marble window sills were installed with steel framed windows that would turn out. Screens were put in and the downstairs was all repainted. The sun parlor was opened up and the whole ground floor was as if it had been done over again. The second floor had the same thing: marble window sills, steel windows and screens. Also, some showers were installed and the bathtubs remained.

The third floor had been an attic. It was made into bedrooms from one end to the other. We needed rooms for the boarding students. Also, showers and tubs were interspersed between the rooms.

The fourth floor had some very nice bedrooms across the front. Also across the front at one end was a large recreation room for the Academy girls that was called Pine Gables. At the other end was a large pine-panelled recreation room for the junior college girls and that was called the Pine Room.

Across the back, adjoining these two recreation rooms at one end was a kitchenette. Next to the kitchenette, coming down the hall, was a large storage room with shelves for luggage so returning students could store their possessions safely over the summer.

Next to the luggage room there was a laundry with sets of four tubs, a washing machine and a dryer. On the other side of the stairs was a pressing room with four ironing boards and a rack to put your things on. That gave the boarding students all the modern conveniences that they needed. It was very fine. When people would come to see the school, they thought we had not left a stone unturned. We had thought of everything for the happiness and comfort and well-being of the boarding students. The rooms were very attractively furnished. They had draw draperies which were wonderful. They were all very colorful. Each room had twin beds, two dressers, two desks, two easy chairs. There were also some private rooms. Each girl was well equipped furniture-wise with what she would need.

With the addition of Gibbons Hall to the campus it was necessary to construct new driveways to loop and tie the campus together. The old driveways were repaved. The job of connecting the Memminger property with the existing campus was well done and served all the buildings.

This was the time also that we won a scrap iron drive that was held before the war ended. It was a public competition and everyone was so surprised that girls had collected the largest pile of scrap iron in the whole city. It was a mammoth pile and to cap the whole thing, to put the strawberry on top of the whipped cream, there was the old school bell. We won the prize and the prize was money. We invested the money because all the girls had participated; it was remarkable. People couldn't believe that girls had done so much. People were coming out and taking pictures of our scrap pile. We used the money to help convert the auditorium into a gymnasium. That meant the construction of goals; one in front of the balcony and one that would swing down in front of the stage and then go back up out of the way. Also, the floor had to be marked. The gym was not going to be regulation size. The lines were drawn for basketball and also for shuffle board and volley ball. It was an auditorium/gymnasium that everybody could use.

All the walkways were paved. Behind Lorin Hall two new regulation hard-surface tennis courts were constructed so they could play out there and did not have to wait for the courts to dry. They were accurately marked.

Over by Gibbons Hall, the land on the right side of Deplanck Hall was bulldozed and leveled and made into a huge athletic playing field for the boys. They could play football, baseball, and hold Field Day, etc.

Behind Gibbons Hall was a little driveway and what was the lower part of our former vegetable garden. It was bulldozed and became a big athletic field for the girls of the Prep and the Academy and Junior College to use.

Both athletic fields were surrounded on three sides by a high chain-link fence. Later the Mothers' Guild, by giving rummage sales for two or three years, gave us enough money to construct a stadium and it was quite impressive. It was made of cinder blocks, about 50 feet across going up seven tiers. It was so comfortable to sit out there and watch Field Day. You could see in every direction. It was a great view of Western North Carolina. The playing field had flagstone steps coming down with two railings. So many times the girls would slide down the railing to get to the field in time.

Another important addition was the parking lot. The two basketball courts and tennis courts on the left of the drive coming in from Victoria Road were cleared away for parking in front of the auditorium. It was covered with white gravel and surrounded by pine trees that grew close together and touched the ground. It was private and very convenient for the girls coming to school and for visitors at special occasions or performances.

At this time the Prep boarders were moved from the main building and happily installed on the second floor of Deplanck Hall; four large bedrooms were a safer place for them than in the old frame part of the main building.

The school year 1949-1950 began with Gibbons Hall's first year, the Prep boarders in the second floor of Deplanck Hall, and Lorin Hall going through complete renovation from the bottom

to the top. The school was coming along very well. There was good enrollment. It was very encouraging. Gibbons Hall had gotten off to a famous start. In addition to Mr. Pinto, the headmaster, there were several lay men and lay women on the faculty, plus the Sisters. It was a very auspicious beginning for the Boys' School.

There were about 400 students - day students and boarders combined. We had always said from the beginning that we would never go over 600. As time went on, we came very close to it, but we never did go over 600 because it would have been too large to remain the kind of school we wanted it to be.

One sad event marked the beginning of 1950. On January 26, Peter Pinto, Mr. Pinto's older son, went to the hospital and died a few days later. He had acute leukemia and he went so fast. He was just seven years old and a very smart little boy. The morning he was dying he received four sacraments; the Sacrament of Penance, his First Holy Communion, Annointing and Confirmation. Monsignor Bour conferred all four sacraments on him so he died and went to heaven very peacefully. This was a terrible blow to the Pintos and to the school. We all mourned Peter's loss greatly.

In June 1955, the Junior College held its last commencement and awarded its last AA degrees. The secretarial course, however, was flourishing under Mother Zeleznik. The secretarial course, now to be called The School for Secretaries, was moved to the second floor of Deplanck Hall. They had two large classrooms there and they had the morning room and they used the lobby of the second floor, which was like a recreation room. The School for Secretaries continued, starting in September 1955, and went on for a number of years.

During this particular decade we seemed to have had unusually severe winter weather. Sometimes school would be canceled entirely. I remember, though, that since we had boarding students in the high school and in the Prep, we would try to keep school going as much as we could during bad weather. The buses would go out and collect the day students. It would be announced on the radio as the children were told to listen in the mornings, probably WWNC, to see what was going to happen. At that time I remember Reid Wilson was broadcasting. He would say after naming off all the schools that were going to be closed that day, "But St. Genevieve's is going to be open. Yes, sir, boys and girls, you might know it. St. Genevieve's is going to have school today." This would go on time after time and I would say to myself "Oh, Reid Wilson, hush."

I remember one particular time, I think it was in March, we did not have school for five whole days. The snow was so deep it covered the stone pillar out by the entrance to Lorin Hall. There were drifts. It was a very, very severe storm. I remember that we decided we would try to have school on Saturdays to make up. We didn't want to delay the closing of school in June because it got too warm. So one particular Saturday we were going to have school. We would have shorter periods and get through the day by noon. At least, it would be a half day.

I remember noticing the boarding students coming in to morning prayers in the chapel. I didn't think too much about it. They were all wearing black – black skirts, black sweaters, dresses, and so forth. I went on through breakfast and did not say anything about it and then the day students started coming and they were all wearing black, too. The lay teachers were wearing black and the girls were all wearing black. I called the Sisters into the office before assembly. I said, "We can't let the girls and the faculty get away with this. We have got to do something. Any suggestions?" So we decided that we would all wear dark glasses and we would unpin our veils and let the end of the veil come just over the brim of our bonnets so it would be hanging down to our eyes.

With my veil unpinned and the veil coming over the brim of my bonnet, with dark glasses I went to the study hall. The girls all clapped and clapped and clapped. I said, "I notice that something is up." They said, "This is Black Saturday." Well, it was Black Saturday all morning long. We were all so tired because we led a busy life and we had had a busy week. So we decided

at a faculty meeting never again to have classes on Saturday. The faculty were too tired, Sisters and lay teachers, and the students were very tired. So we found other ways to make up our snow days.

Then we decided to schedule the semester examinations on Saturday because the girls found it difficult to leave Friday and not come back until Monday for an exam. It would be much better to have exams on Saturday without that long weekend gap. In that way and with certain other things scheduled on Saturday, like Field Day, honor roll, etc., we were able to end school on time.

The next great date in this decade was 1958, the Golden Jubilee Year of St. Genevieve's which was fifty years old. It now consisted of four distinct departments: The School for Secretaries, The Academy, The Girls' Grammar School, and Gibbons Hall School for Boys.

Invitations went out far and wide to parents, to the alumni, to the friends of St. Genevieve's to attend a Mass of Thanksgiving in St. Lawrence Church in Asheville at 10 a.m. on Monday, January 6, 1958. This was a Mass of Thanksgiving for all the favors and blessings that God had bestowed upon St. Genevieve's in its fifty-year history. Bishop Vincent Waters, Bishop of Raleigh, came to Asheville as the celebrant for the Mass.

After Mass we all went back to school and there was a special banquet for the Sisters and the students and in the afternoon we had Open House that went on all afternoon from 2 P.M. until 6 P.M. so that everybody would have a chance to come by and speak to the Sisters. The Open House was held in the main building in the lobby of the former inn, called the front hall. There were refreshments in the dining room and people were able to come and visit the Sisters, to see the school, to see the students...to see everything. It was a great, great day and a day of special celebration and thanksgiving. That St. Genevieve's had come so far in fifty years was a wonderful thought.

The main building at the end of the 50's was condemned. The high school had already moved to Lorin Hall in 1955, so it was necessary to think about a building for the girls' grammar school and another building for the Sisters' residence. This was a very serious step and committees were chosen and a fund raising drive was started to raise $200,000 to pay for a girls' grammar school with a sufficient number of classrooms and also a residence for the Sisters. The main building was a frame structure, and we found during this research that it was not built in 1895 as we had thought when we made the first cassette. It was over 70 years old in 1958. It had served its purpose but it was a fire hazard. Some people said it was like a match box but it wasn't quite that bad.

So in November 1959, a drive was started to raise the $200,000. The new structure was going to cost about $250,000 but the Sisters under Mother Sharry said if the committee could raise $200,000, that the Order would see about the rest. I do not remember whether or not the drive was a success but I know the architects drew the plans for the girls' grammar school with classrooms for eight grades, a chapel and kindergarten. Also the structure was going to have a large cafeteria for the whole school plus a kitchen. Then there was a lower level that would likely be used for the kindergarten.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE SIXTIES

Construction on the building began right away as soon as the drive was underway. At this same time, during the Cold War, there was a general alarm throughout the United States and particularly in Asheville. It seemed that Asheville from the air looked like Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where the atomic bomb was manufactured. So Asheville was particularly air raid conscious and they had placards placed in different places throughout the city, and we were instructed about what to do when the air raid sirens sounded. All the girls in the Academy building were to come from their classrooms and line up in the corridor, sit down on the floor with their backs to the wall, and sit there very quietly until the "All Clear" signal sounded.

Our signal came from the top corner of Memorial Mission Hospital across the street. We had an air raid drill about once a month at different times of the day and night. The siren would go off, the girls would all file very quietly out of class into the corridor, sit down quietly with their backs against the wall and stay there quietly until the "All Clear."

A retired Army general was in charge of the Civil Defense for Asheville. His plan was so impractical I just nearly died. First of all, there was a large notebook almost one-inch thick with detailed information. Now if an air raid siren went off on the weekend when the boarding students were there and there was no school, we were to get them all into the bus and drive over to Our Lady of Hills Camp in Hendersonville. Now suppose this raid was in the wintertime. It was just a great big summer camp with no heat or anything. Before we went, all the girls had to fill up all the bathroom tubs with water. I was to give them time to fill up the tubs, then run out of Lorin Hall and lift the lid and turn all the water meters off. Why we were to fill up the tubs and then go to Our Lady of the Hills Camp, I don't know, but that was one of the instructions.

The instructions were so detailed and involved it was almost impossible to carry them out. The parents were quite concerned about air raid protection and what our plans were, particularly the parents of the boarding students. They could not understand the General's instructions. They said, "Sister, you can't do all those things. It is impossible. What good is it going to do? Hendersonville will be hit just as Asheville. An atomic bomb will go that far." That plan was discarded.

A new Civil Defense director, Mrs. Helen Gunther, was appointed. She was an excellent person for the job. She was well organized, very practical, and she could put her ideas into operation in a very fine manner. Everyone respected her. She was smart and intelligent, and she knew how to work with people. The Sisters at St. Genevieve's were all very impressed with her and thought this was a very patriotic thing to help out wherever we could. We were more or less instant people for all her projects that she wanted to put into operation in the line of civil defense.

One of the first things that was done, six Sisters from St. Genevieve's and six Sisters of Mercy from St. Joseph's participated in a 24-hour air raid shelter experience. They gathered together in the foyer of Sharry Hall one evening. They were to go from Friday evening to Saturday evening in the air raid shelter out near Swannanoa. At the head of this operation was Gene Jarvis, the assistant chief of police. He was a graduate of St. Genevieve's before the days of Gibbons Hall. He was very loyal to the school and he did a lot of things for us. We all saw the Sisters off. Mrs. Gunther was also very public-spirit-minded. She had the TV camera there to take pictures of the Sisters as they left.

We were in the foyer and had American flags which we were waving and we sang "God Bless America" and we said the "Our Father" together and we asked their Guardian Angels to watch over them and protect them, and then they left for the air raid shelter. Each Sister had a 2 x 5 foot

spot on the basement floor. She could take a sleeping bag if she chose but most of them didn't bother. They just had little soft pads. They also did not have any food except the supplies that were in the air raid shelters. There were cans of sterile water, some kind of animal crackers, and hard balls of carbohydrate supplement.

Saturday afternoon Mother Sharry and I went out to see them. We asked Gene if we could go down and he said "Yes." For those 24 hours Gene broadcast down into that shelter as if there were an attack going on. He made it local. He would say "City Hall has been bombed and so many people had been injured. The Jackson Building has been bombed." He named all the places in Asheville that were being devastated just as if an air raid were going on. They got the sounds down in the air raid shelter. It was very realistic and it made the Sisters aware of what an air raid attack could be. When they came back, they were simply dead tired.

Then came the second experiment project. Mrs. Gunther wanted to evacuate the whole school (day students and boarders) over to the air raid shelter at Memorial Mission Hospital, which is about a 15-minute walk. The air raid shelter for the school was in one of the basements of the Hospital. She wanted to plan it during a regular school day. The Sisters who were in charge of the grammar school and Gibbons Hall got us all together and explained to the children what they should do, and what this all meant and that they should tell their parents what they were going to do. The parents were so happy that the children were going to learn exactly what to do and how to act in case of an air raid warning. They did not have a dry run -- they did it right off to start with and it was a tremendous success. We did not use the kindergarten because we thought they were too young. But we did use the first grade Gibbons Hall boys and the first grade grammar school girls.

It was planned for a sunny day in April, just like D-Day. We had to see that the weather was all right. Mrs. Gunther had the whole thing arranged. First of all, the police had to get to Victoria Road and be able to stop the traffic at the entrance to St. Genevieve's, and also at the entrance into Memorial Mission Hospital, and where Livingston Street enters into Victoria Road. The TV cameras were also stationed there so they could report this from the very beginning until the end.

About 9:30 A.M. the drill was to begin. The high school girls came out first and lined the driveway, a girl on each side from the entrance up. They were just a short distance apart. The plan was for the first grade girls to come two by two into the driveway. The girls at the top end by the auditorium were to take a little first grader by the hand and walk down the driveway, four abreast. They would walk briskly, down the driveway, down Victoria Road into the entrance to Memorial Mission Hospital, and go right into the shelter where they were supposed to go. The first grade boys from Gibbons Hall would follow the first grade girls in the same way over to Memorial Mission Hospital where the TV cameramen were clicking away.

Then came the second grade from Gibbons Hall and the little girls, followed by the other classes.

I was standing on the wall above the entrance with the TV cameraman and he kept saying, "I just can't believe it. I can't believe what I am seeing. All these children. Not a word. I just can't believe it." I said, "Sir, you just take the pictures and you will see it on TV tonight. Just take pictures now." "But," he said, "I just can't get over it. I am so glad I lived to see this." I was just so proud of the children because they did everything so well.

As soon as the last child went out the driveway and all the high school girls had gotten over there, I came along with some of the faculty and we walked over to Memorial Mission Hospital to the basement. When they had gotten over there, Mrs. Gunther had seen that they had all gotten in rows according to class and sat down on the floor crossed-legged with not a sound. When they were all there and the whole crew was assembled, in came the TV cameras and she explained to the children that against one wall were large cans of pure water, in case we do have an air raid. Then she showed them about the crackers, "You will have these crackers to eat." She passed the

crackers around so that they could see what they tasted like. She explained that they would have enough of these to last a whole day. Then she passed out the carbohydrate supplement. She explained that this was their sugar for the day. She said, "Now, boys and girls, I am very proud of you. You have done this remarkably well. You have just been a great group and I am so proud of you. This has meant something to all the citizens of Asheville. They will be so happy to see that a school has done something like this and that you are prepared in case of an air raid to get to your shelter on time." I think it took just 15 minutes to get the whole school over to Memorial Mission Hospital which was great when you realize there were over 500 children.

It was wonderful to see how well it all worked. It was really breathtaking and the TV people were so thrilled. It came on TV that night and the parents were very pleased. They felt this was a wonderful achievement and a wonderful experience for the children. The children took it all very seriously just as if it were for real. I think the Sisters need to be congratulated for the way they prepared the children. They did a tremendous job. It was done carefully and quietly and calmly and the children took it just the way they were supposed to. I have treasured this experience which shows that when you count on children, you can always depend on them, particularly if they are trained in the right way. When things are truly well explained to them, you always get the proper reaction. I was so proud of our students. Mrs. Gunther was too.

The third experiment was to be the greatest of all -- the most elaborate of all. It was going to be a county-wide experiment taking in all civil defense volunteers all over Buncombe County. It was SS - Secret Saturday. No one knew when it was going to happen. They didn't even know that it was going to happen on a Saturday. Mrs. Gunther came out and set up her quarters in front of Lorin Hall. The boarding students who were there on Saturday could participate in it. They all wanted to be part of it. They were in their rooms and they had signs that said, "I am dead," "I am wounded." The wounded ones had little bulbs they squeezed so blood would gush out on different parts of their dress. One girl was hanging over the fire escape. They were in different places all through the building.

The story was that an ammunition plant behind Lorin Hall had been bombed and had exploded. The people in Lorin Hall were wounded and some had been killed. First of all, the call went in to the Fire Department. The Fire Department got out to St. Genevieve's in one minute. Then all the ambulances in Asheville and Buncombe County came streaming out. The men went in - they had on hard hats - and they brought the girls down. The dead were laid out in the little oval plot in front of Lorin Hall, and the wounded were brought down. The girls had to remember to keep squashing their little bulbs to keep the blood flowing as they came down from all the floors.

The ambulances were streaming in and out, taking them over to Memorial Mission Hospital and to St. Joseph's. We had a grandstand seat. Across the driveway from Lorin Hall we were sitting there and I was addressing the commencement invitations. Gene Jarvis, the assistant chief of police, came across to see us. All the Sisters who wanted to stay to see the drill were sitting out watching the whole process. It was so well organized. It went like clockwork.

Interestingly, as the ambulances kept coming in and going back, in came trucks from out in the country. Farmers who had volunteered to take part were getting ready for the spring planting and heard the call. They put on their hard hats and came streaming up the drive in their trucks or whatever, and did their part too. I don't think there were any mistakes.

After it was over, on Monday, Mrs. Gunther invited everybody who had participated in this experiment to lunch at Buck's. She started off by saying how pleased she was with what people had done but she said, "I only noticed one or two mistakes. What about you all? What did you think?" They said the trouble was it was on Saturday and they weren't where they usually were. They were out in the fields, so it made them "kind of slow." She said, "That's all right. You were about where you would have been, anyway. We don't know when this air raid is going to come.

We have no idea if it is going to come at all. But we are prepared. It could be on a Sunday and you might be in church. So don't worry about it."

The only thing that I can remember that happened was that one or two "dead" people were taken to Memorial Mission Hospital or to St. Joseph's when they should have been left lying there, but the men did not notice their signs. But the "wounded" were taken and the girls got over there and were put in the emergency sections and there they sat and, of course, they stopped squashing their little bulbs. It was on TV, and in the headlines of the Sunday paper. It got excellent publicity and I think this is one of the important things about Mrs. Gunther; she did not let any of this go unnoticed. It was publicized so that people would know that Asheville was on the alert for anything that might happen. She was most grateful to the Sisters. She sent us a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a lovely plant to express her appreciation for all that we had done in helping her with these three events. They really showed what people can do in an emergency.

We now enter the 1960's, which is a very busy and eventful decade. The first important thing was that the Girls' Grammar School building was completed and the students entered the new grammar school in September 1961. On Sunday afternoon, November 26, Bishop Waters dedicated the new building. It was called Sharry Hall. The dedication ceremony was a very fitting one and we were all there in attendance. It was impressive to think one more step in the building of St. Genevieve's had been taken. The school had been growing steadily and we had passed 500 students.

Sharry Hall consisted of a chapel, a kindergarten, a large entrance hall, a big cafeteria with a well-equipped stainless steel kitchen at the back, the faculty rooms, office rooms and eight classrooms for the girls, large classrooms with windows all across one side and skylights. They were spacious, well equipped and very light and airy. It was a beautiful building from start to finish.

Underneath the cafeteria on ground level was a large room that could be used for many purposes. I think it started off as a kindergarten and then later it became the library. The library had been in the Academy building. The new space became the library of Gibbons Hall, of the Girls' Grammar School, of the Junior College and of the Academy. It listed about 11,000 volumes. It was the largest secondary school library in the whole Southeast. It was very convenient. When the students came in to lunch, they could go down and get books out of the library. The room under the kitchen was used for a biology lab most of the time.

In September 1961, through the year 1962, the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools was accrediting grammar schools. The first time and right away we sought accreditation for our grammar school and for Gibbons Hall. To be accredited takes almost a whole year of solid work on the part of the faculty. They have many papers to fill out. Parents and students participate and committees evaluate our school.

Dr. Madeline Tripp was the elementary supervisor for the State of North Carolina. She came to supervise the process of our getting accredited. She came about once every month and visited the faculty of Gibbons Hall and the Girls' Grammar School, and helped them with their plan. She said, "You know this is going to be hard, but I hope we can make it." I said, "We will do our best." I don't think she was too reassured that we were going to make it.

In the spring of 1962, a committee came. Dr. Tripp chose this committee. There were five blue ribbon people. They were at the top of their departments all along the line and they came to St. Genevieve's for three days. They visited all the classes in the Girls' Grammar School and in Gibbons Hall, and met with the faculty. They were there for lunch and all day long for three days, evaluating. Of course, we didn't know how we came out. They went through all the evaluative criteria that the principals had filled out and it was a monumental task. I don't think people realize all that this takes. She said, "You have all been working very hard. I just hope we are going to make it."

Dr. Tripp said she would call me long distance and let me know what happened and how the N.C. Department of Public Instruction answered. So Dr. Tripp stood up in front of them in Raleigh; she speaks very well but slowly and very deliberately. Her favorite word is "furthermore." She always says "and furthermore." But anyway, when she presented our case she said, "Now this is the first private Catholic school up for accreditation. I chose the committee to evaluate this." And she named the five people. She said, "You know they are all blue ribbon people at the top of their fields in all these areas and furthermore, they were all Baptists. If Baptists can pass on a Catholic school, you know it had to be good." She told me over the telephone, "The whole State Department clapped and clapped and clapped. I knew from then on I had them in the palm of my hand."

St. Genevieve's Prep and Gibbons Hall were accredited by both the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools and the North Carolina Department of Public Instruction in 1965 after a two year self-study conducted by the faculty. They were the first Catholic elementary schools to be accredited by the Southern Association and the private elementary schools in North Carolina to become accredited by the Department of Public Instruction. Although St. Genevieve's Grammar School and Gibbons Hall School for Boys gained much from the self-evaluation process, the accrediting agencies were also strengthened because of the new perspectives they gained by studying the operations of good private and parochial schools.

When they were up for accreditation, the whole past educational history of St. Genevieve was published in the paper. It stated that St. Genevieve Academy was accredited in 1913; it was a charter member of the Southern Association. Also, it was the first Catholic school accredited in the whole Southeast. Then they mentioned something that I had omitted before, that we had participated in 1937, and had been chosen among 200 schools in the whole United States, to go through a cooperative study of the evaluative criteria for standards in the secondary schools. They were going to use this study in the accrediting of schools throughout the United States. A state department or regional association could decide whether or not they wanted to use this evaluative criteria, but it was to be tried out.

There were so many parts to this early study. We did well on some and we did poorly on others. In this study, the committee interviewed the faculty, all the parents of the students, and the students themselves as to what they thought about the school; they didn't leave a stone unturned. We didn't come out very well in the guidance section because we had never gone into guidance, particularly because our whole life was a guidance of goals. We guided the students and their choices for all kinds of things. We did not have a guidance department per se so we did not rank very high in the guidance category; but of all the 200 schools, we ranked highest in *character education and moral training*. The parents and the students had evaluated us, and we had the highest ranking of all the 200 schools. Ten years later, in 1947 we went through the same process again. Then the Southern Association adopted evaluative criteria for secondary schools and grammar schools. The schools had to be re-evaluated every ten years.

The St. Genevieve Girls' Grammar School and Gibbons Hall School for Boys were the first Catholic grammar schools to be accredited in the whole Southeast. This was a great honor and many people would come and say, "Oh, Sister, this was great that you did this. This is as though you are pioneers in the field and it is much more difficult to do it in the South than in the North." We were all very thrilled and many members of the Southern Association gathered around and congratulated us and said how proud they were and so pleased that we had achieved this accreditation for the two grammar schools.

It was in that same year that a change was made in our habit. Our bonnets were simplified. We no longer wore the white bonnet. It was becoming increasingly difficult to launder and also most of us were driving and that bonnet was just like blinders on a horse. We could not see around the edge of the bonnet. So when we received our drivers' license, the examiner said, "You must do

something about that bonnet. You do not have good side vision." It was simplified in this way. Instead of having the bonnet, we had a piece of cloth consisting of three or four pleats that came to a little peak over our foreheads and down over our ears in the back where it fastened. Our veil went over the coif.

Before that, the habit had been simplified. The linings had been taken out, but the habit had changed in no way except being made of "cool cloth." We had a skirt and a blouse under our capes. The cape was not lined and the big sleeves were worn on state occasions; or when we went to town but they were unlined too. It was a great relief. The little fichu that we had around our necks was no longer a great square folded into a triangle with seven pleats; it was just a very simple little affair that had stiffening inside. It looked the same but was so much cooler.

Another important experience of the 1960's was Project PEACE. You must remember that the 60's were a very turbulent time in our history. The civil rights movement was in progress and having a very difficult time in certain sections of the South. At that time from 1962 to 1967, I was superior at St. Genevieve and Mother Nancy Schwoyer was headmistress of the Academy. We had talked about this matter several times. We wanted to do something that would make the girls conscious of what was going on in the civil rights movement. Most of the time they were totally ignorant of this.

We approached Mrs. Leah Butler, the wife of Dr. Manuel Butler, a dentist. She was a well-educated Negro woman, very prominent in affairs in Asheville. She was on the Mayor's Council, and she had other positions of influence in the city. She was a college graduate and I think she had a degree in music. Mrs. Butler directed the choir at St Anthony's, and the Mass there was a superior celebration. She also played the organ and later was the organist at St. Lawrence Church in Asheville.

When we approached her, she was so ready and so interested and concerned. She thought this would be a wonderful project, and her first thought was Livingston Street School, a black elementary school a few blocks behind St. Genevieve. The principal there was Mr. Eddington, a fine man and greatly respected in educational circles in Asheville. So she approached Mr. Eddington and asked him what he thought about letting St. Genevieve girls do something in participation with the children in his school. Livingston Street School had been renovated and was one of the most attractive schools in Asheville but when they renovated the school, they took up most of the playground. They just had a little square for a playground. Mrs. Butler's idea was that the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grade children would participate in a program at St. Genevieve on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The project was going to be called Project PEACE and PEACE stood for Program for Educational and Cultural Excellence or Effectiveness, whichever word you wanted to use for the E.

Before we started the project, however, Mrs. Butler gave us several films to show the girls. The films were made in Asheville, and they showed the conditions of the black population in Asheville. It showed shacks at the end of Livingston Street, on Eagle Street, on College Street, and near McCormick Field. These shacks and houses were owned in large part by the parents of some of the girls who came to St. Genevieve. Mrs. Butler wanted to show these films because this would acquaint the girls with the situation on those streets. I remember the title of one was "$117 Water Bill." The owner of the house had not repaired the water faucets. The water pipes were leaking and had run up a $117 water bill, and it was not the fault of the people who lived in the house, but of the people who owned it. That film made a big impression on the girls. The black people who lived in the house could not pay the bill. This brought home to the girls very forcefully the Negro situation in Asheville as far as housing was concerned.

The program was to begin in September just after school started. The girls would walk down to Livingston Street and bring the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth graders to St. Genevieve at 2:45 p.m. On Tuesdays, the fifth and sixth graders would have study hall and the girls would help them

with their lessons from 3 p.m. until 3:45. During this time the seventh and eighth grades were down on the field having sports. Then they would exchange places.

The girls were in charge of this whole program. They saw about the study hall and then refereed the games; they showed them how to play different games down on the field. They taught them how to play softball and basketball. At 4:30 p.m., the children went home. On Thursday all of this would turn around. During the good weather in the fall, they were outdoors and then in the wintertime they played in the gym and the girls would teach them how to play volleyball, etc. They were very concerned about their lessons.

The girls would say, "When you have your report cards, I want to see them." The children would bring their report cards and sometimes our girls who were the poorest students and had the worst report cards, so to speak, were the most particular about the Livingston children's grades. They said, "You have got to bring up your math; see if you can't bring up your math by next month; your report card has to be better." These children were all individuals to them. They knew their names and literally loved them.

This was a volunteer program so the girls could participate if they wished or not at all. But those that participated in it were changed girls. Some parents were having trouble with their daughters - teenage girls trying to assert their independence, causing trouble at home. Once they started participating in Project PEACE, they were changed people. So many I would see at the meetings would say, "My girl is a changed person since Project PEACE." This has changed her completely. She sees how the other half of the world lives, and she has begun to appreciate what she has in her home and in her parents. So you see Project PEACE worked for both groups, the white and the black.

The girls planned all kinds of things for those children. Along came Christmas and they planned to have a big Christmas party. It was going to be in the cafeteria. They had a big Christmas tree and it was all decorated. Weeks before Christmas they had been wrapping packages. Each child was going to receive crayons, a tablet, or some school supply. And they were going to have some article of clothing for the winter, a cap or a scarf or mittens or something like that, and also some type of game or toy.

The packages were wrapped up and tied with beautiful ribbon and put under the Christmas tree. The cafeteria was all decorated and down the middle of the table was a little choo-choo train and each car on the train held either popcorn or candy or different little favors for the children. Then we had Santa Claus. Santa Claus was Casey Collison. So we got a beautiful red velvet suit trimmed with white fur from Bon Marché and black boots and all during the afternoon party, Santa Claus was ho-hoing around and talking to all the children. Then they gave out the presents. The presents with red ribbons were for the girls and green ribbons for the boys. The children were asking Santa Claus if he would bring them this or bring them that and Santa Claus said, "Yes, for sure, yes for sure" and "Ho Ho" and so forth.

I remember one little girl coming out and she had not opened her package. She was carrying it along very carefully and she was rubbing the ribbon tenderly with little fingers and I said, "You didn't open your present." She said, "No, this is the only present I am going to get for Christmas, and I am going to wait and open it on Christmas Day." I thought, "Oh dear, we will have to see what we can do about this." I got her name and then that night after the party and after the cafeteria was put back in order for dinner and the girls were upstairs in their rooms, Santa Claus Casey was walking up and down the corridor. She could not go to sleep. She realized that she had promised these children things that they would never have. She would say, "Oh yes, oh yes, I will see about that." A bicycle for this one, something else for that one, a winter coat for that one, and so forth, and she realized that she had said this, and that they were not going to receive these things. So poor Santa Claus was not sleeping, but we said, "Next time you will know when you play Santa Claus, you don't promise what you cannot produce."

So Project PEACE went on through that winter and it was a very fine program. And for Easter the children all had little Easter baskets and we were going to end the school year and Project PEACE year with a Field Day. So they practiced for the games down on the field. Now Field Day was a great occasion. Mrs. Butler was there, Mr. Eddington and the faculty were there from Livingston Street School. The girls were there, the Sisters were there, other members of Gibbons Hall were there. The games were so exciting, and Mrs. Butler said, "Oh, to think that I have lived to see this and see these children so happy and having such a wonderful time and everybody being so good to them."

We did have one accident during the Field Day. One of the little black boys fell when he was racing and broke his leg. So the girls picked him up very tenderly, put him in the back seat of a car and took him down to St. Joseph's Hospital with Mrs. Edith Lalley and Mr. Eddington. He was taken to the Emergency Room and they were all standing around while the doctor was setting his leg. The little boy did not cry; he did not make one sound. He was very brave and very courageous. He was surrounded by the girls, Mrs. Lalley and Mr. Eddington. Mr. Eddington told us afterwards, "I stood there and tears came to my eyes. I thought what a wonderful thing to see these girls and this teacher around this little boy who had broken his leg and they were all so concerned for him." The little boy was in the hospital for almost two weeks with his broken leg. Field Day continued that afternoon on the girls' athletic field and ended with hot dogs and ice cream cones. It was a great success. It had awakened the girls to the situation that existed for the blacks.

Project PEACE was also on TV. The study periods, the athletic coaching, all their different activities were written up and publicized in many newspapers all over the U. S. because it was a notable effort that a private Catholic school was making for integration. In addition, the Project PEACE was in "Great Promise," a national magazine. At the top of a whole page was a picture labeled "Alabama." This was during Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s civil rights march. The picture showed the sheriff with ferocious dogs and using water hoses on the blacks. The dogs were attacking the blacks, and the water hoses were beating them to the ground. That was in the top picture. The bottom half showed Tina Orellano on the tennis court with a little black boy. She had a basketball in her hand and it says, "Tina is explaining the rules of basketball." This was on the tennis court with the net up. So the basketball was not a good idea for that picture but just the same it was on the lower half and it read "North Carolina" and it explained what Project PEACE was, and that she was explaining the rules of basketball to a black boy. So Project PEACE really received great acclaim.

I would like to talk a little bit about Mr. Daniel Pinto, headmaster of Gibbons Hall. As you know, Gibbons Hall started its classes in 1949, and Gibbons Hall was a very successful school for boys. Mr. Pinto was very particular about the way the boys acted and how they dressed. They all wore coats and ties to school; he was careful about their manners and he was very particular about their studies. They had a full schedule and were well trained. They also had a fine athletic program in the afternoon after school.

Gibbons Hall was the last department added to St. Genevieve. Mr. Pinto with his faculty, two men and two lay teachers and then the Sisters, the whole department fitted into St. Genevieve's system admirably. It had the SGP spirit just as if it had always been there. Mr. Pinto, at the end of the 50's, received an invitation to be headmaster of the American School in Rome, Italy. Now this would be a very important appointment if he took it. The salary would be greatly increased and it would give him a lot of prestige and influence. So Mr. Pinto took the position, and he and Mrs. Pinto and John moved to Rome.

Mr. Joseph Lalley became headmaster in his place and remained in that position until 1969 when he headed St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall. He had been the assistant headmaster. The Pintos were in Rome for some time and once or twice they came back for a visit and I have always felt that Mr. Pinto was rather sorry that he moved. He didn't have the support there that he had in Asheville

because he had made many friends, as he was a very likable person. He was a very social-minded person and worked with people and parents very successfully. But I think he regretted going to Rome and that he would rather have stayed in Asheville.

On November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. I will remember the day if I live to be a million. I have never quite recovered from President Kennedy's assassination and from his death. I got a call in the afternoon about 2 p.m. from town - one of the alumnae called me and told me. She said, "Oh, Mother Potts, get all the students to pray." So I called the Academy girls, the Prep, and Gibbons Hall and told them that President Kennedy had been shot and to get all the children to pray. Then I took my transistor radio and heard the whole thing on the radio. I walked as quickly as I could to the cafeteria to tell those in the cafeteria. At that time the children came out of the classrooms and they all congregated in the chapel. So there we were praying for President Kennedy and, of course, we could not save him. He had died. This was a terrible, terrible tragedy.

Two days later was the funeral and it was on TV and we didn't hold classes. We watched the funeral. We watched the cortege leave from the Capitol with the President's body on the caisson and the horse being led riderless behind with stirrups turned backward. Then the procession went to the cemetery. It was very sad to think that this tragedy had taken place. I really don't think the nation as a nation ever recovered from this event. It was heartbreaking.

The reason why I have brought this in at this time is that the Pintos were in Rome, and they had just moved to a little apartment. Mrs. Pinto was getting the apartment all cleaned up and ready and that evening she said to Mr. Pinto, "Oh dear, I am so dead tired. If I die, just please bury me over here in Rome. Don't bother to move my bones." Mr. Pinto said, "Not me. When I die, I want to be buried in North Carolina." That was just a few days or a week before Mr. Pinto was going to attend a school meeting in Athens, Greece. He had boarded the plane, but some equipment had been left down at the end of the runway. The plane crashed and exploded, and Mr. Pinto was killed. This was on November 23, 1964, a year and a day after President Kennedy's assassination.

We had not gotten over President Kennedy's death when Mr. Pinto was killed in the terrible plane accident. The only way they could identify him was by his watch. Mrs. Pinto carried out Mr. Pinto's wishes. His body was brought back to Asheville. Mrs. Pinto was not able to come. But John came with his father and Mr. Pinto's funeral Mass was held at St. Lawrence Church and the church was packed. He was buried in Lewis Memorial Park not far from where all our Sisters are buried; in fact, he is just a few steps from them.

In our hearts Mr. Pinto was still very much a part of the school. In his honor and his memory, the primary building that was part of Gibbons Hall was called Pinto Hall. It was very well named, and so it remained until the school closed.

In 1963 Mother Anna Joubert received the Valley Forge Freedom Foundation Classroom Teacher's Medal. This was a great honor for her to receive. She had taught the first and the second grades since 1916. This was in the girls' Prep. Her teaching covered three generations up to the time when she received the medal in 1963. Mother Joubert had been transferred to Gibbons Hall to teach the boys' first grade when it opened in 1949.

She was a very successful teacher. She was a wonderful first grade teacher who inspired the children. They all loved her and she loved them. She was very ingenious in the way she presented things. She would tell them how much she missed them over the week-end and could hardly wait for them to get back to school and the children all felt her love. This beautiful gold medal in the shape of a dogwood flower was a great award for her to receive and a great honor for all the Sisters.

After the dedication of Sharry Hall in November 1961, Madonna Hall, the convent for the Sisters was completed in the spring of 1962, and the Sisters were able to be duly established there.

Madonna Hall was directly across the driveway from the main building. It replaced the two gazebos, the large summer house and the playground, and joined Sharry Hall. It was below driveway-level with a flight of wide steps leading down as you entered the front hall. On the right were twin infirmaries for the students and a bath. On the left were two small parlors and a large community room with a kitchenette adjoining it. On the first floor there was a total of 10 bedrooms and four baths.

Leading up to the second floor were three flights of stairs and an elevator. On the second floor there were thirteen bedrooms, four baths, a large sewing room, a laundry room and two offices. On both floors were storage spaces and under the stairs different closets were dotted around throughout the building.

There was a porch across the front on ground level. Off the community room on the back was another completely private porch for the Sisters. Tall pine trees separated it from Victoria Road.

Between Madonna Hall and Sharry Hall was a long corridor that slants downward toward Sharry Hall and a landing. In front of that was a tower where the old bell was hung. This long corridor, which we called the Hyphen and was later shortened to "The Hy," had four panels of ornamental cinder blocks. Behind the cinder blocks were windows that lighted the corridor. I think there were three of them across the front and two across the back. It was a very attractive passageway.

You could enter Sharry Hall from the corridor. On your right was the chapel, the equivalent size of two large classrooms. This was the chapel for the Sisters and the students. It was all completely furnished with new pews and a new altar. The only things that remained of the old items were the Stations of the Cross from the old chapel. These stations had been hand carved by the people of Oberammergau in Germany. The sanctuary had the altar and a panel with a crucifix, and on each side were two small sacristies. The pews were blonde wood with kneelers upholstered in pale green that matched the pale green carpeting. All along the left side were windows. It was well lighted and it had air conditioning. It was a very lovely chapel and a very happy place to pray.

All four departments were running along smoothly. The School for Secretaries had a capacity enrollment on the second floor of Deplanck Hall. The Academy involved all four floors in Lorin Hall - day students and boarders. The Girls' Grammar School was in Sharry Hall, and Gibbons Hall School for Boys was in Deplanck Hall and Pinto Hall.

After the Sisters had moved to Madonna Hall and had all that they needed, there were several sales to auction off all the furnishings and equipment left in the main building. The auction sales were very successful. Of course, Victoria Inn was built in 1887 and so there were many important antiques. The dressers were old with carrera marble tops. All the pieces were still in good condition because the Sisters had taken good care of them all those years.

After the third sale, whatever was left people could just come and take. I remember one girl taking four spindles in the banisters. She was going to put them together on a base and make a very attractive lamp. In fact, I believe she was going to make two lamps. People just wanted to have mementos of St. Genevieve.

The contractors that were going to tear down the old building were going to begin on the fourth floor and one of the first things they were going to demolish was the tower. I told them I was sure the Sisters would like to be there. The tower had a long history. When Victoria Inn was built, it was a water tower. The Inn was on the highest crest between Asheville and Biltmore, and they had difficulty maintaining pressure. The tower stored 30,000 gallons of pure water for the hotel guests. It was a landmark from all over Asheville - you could see it high above the landscape. It seemed to preside over Asheville.

So I asked the construction company to let us know when they planned to take it down. We were all there. They pulled the tower down away from the building and it crashed to the ground

about 3:00 p.m. I had a big lump in my throat, and I think I had tears in my eyes when the tower came down because it would be no more. We had had a great time with the tower when the girls were there. We used to go up for Halloween parties. I used to tell them ghost stories. We used it for all kinds of things. I took people up there so they could see all over Asheville, particularly in the wintertime when there were no leaves on the trees. You got a very good view of Pisgah, The Rat, all the western horizon, range after range of mountains. I have heard that Dr. Don Thomas Verner Moore wrote a book up there. I don't know whether he stayed up there the whole time he was writing the book; he may have just started it up there because he was inspired by the view.

About 4:30 p.m. one of the former students came driving up and stopped out in front of Madonna Hall and saw what had happened. She rang the doorbell and said, "I was just coming down Coxe Avenue and I always look up to see St. Genevieve's Tower. I came here to school for 12 years, and whenever I came down Coxe Avenue, I looked up to see that tower because it stood for something. It stood for serenity, for peace, security. It looked over Asheville as if it were a Guardian Angel and I felt it looked after me everywhere I went. I thought that tower was always there to look out for me. It was a little tower of strength and courage. I would look up, and say, 'God Bless that tower and God Bless St. Genevieve.' I looked up this afternoon and it wasn't there. I knew this building was going to be demolished, but I wasn't quite prepared to look up and not see the tower anymore." I said, "Dear, it went down this afternoon about 3 p.m. I feel like a part of us has come down. It was such a prominent part of St. Genevieve. It was high and straight and it had been very useful." She said, "The landscape is not going to be the same anymore. The horizon is not going to be the same. Coxe Avenue is not going to be the same. I don't think I'm going down Coxe Avenue anymore because I won't see the tower." I said, "We all have to bear up under these things. They happen and we have to watch out for them and be prepared."

It took a long time to tear down the old building, longer than expected; it was so well built. People could use some of the lumber - the doors or windows. They would take it away or the contractor would dispose of it. Eventually the building was down.

The years 1966, 1967 and 1968 were very important commemorative years. On November 21, 1966, a proclamation was issued declaring the year 1967 the Sesquicentennial Year of the Foundation of the Religious of Christian Education in Normandy, France in 1817. The formal proclamation was duly signed by Reverend Mother Sharry, who was the Provincial of the American Province in that year, and it will be noted in the history of the Order.

Then followed a program of Masses offered for each month during the Sesquicentennial Year. That closed in December. On January 6, 1968, we observed the Diamond Jubilee of the founding of St. Genevieve. All these events were marked with appropriate ceremonies.

In July, 1967, I left St. Genevieve for Massachusetts, and I have not been back for any length of time except for visits in the summertime, so I cannot finish the rest of the history in the same detailed year-by-year account.

When I began my work on this history, I thought it would be a good idea to make separate chapters for the different activities that took place regularly during the school year. I thought it would be much more interesting to see how they would continue to occur from the very beginning in 1908 to the last. Each of the following chapters will be what I can remember and draw from the sources available to me, so let us continue....

CHAPTER NINE

"LET US PRAY"

Because prayer has been such a vital and enriching part of St. Genevieve's history (it has all depended on prayer and on God's providence, on the graces of the Holy Spirit), I thought there should be a chapter entitled "Let Us Pray" because prayer permeated our lives in the beginning and still does.

Prayer was the very soul of the founding of the school. Divine guidance was given to the Sisters through every step that they took. You remember the stories of the first Christmas when they had been in Asheville for just a few months: all their prayers were answered down to the smallest detail - the little bunch of parsley to go on the turkey. Then at the opening of the school on January 6, 1908, it started that morning with the 22 students assembled there. When that house became too small and they had to look elsewhere, Mother Deplanck found the house that was just fine. You remember the owner who said, "No, the house is not for sale or for rent" and she buried a little statue of St. Joseph in the front yard as she left. Two days later the man had a change of heart and leased the house.

There were morning prayers in every department every morning. There was daily Mass for the Sisters and the Catholic girls and then the non-Catholic boarding students came in for morning prayers. The non-Catholic girls objected to being called Protestants. They said that they were not protesting anything and preferred to be called non-Catholics, so all the way through our history we have called the girls who were not Catholic non-Catholics. When school started in the morning we had prayers in the study hall for the Academy girls and downstairs in the gym for the Prep.

Morning prayers in the high school started out with a hymn before the morning prayer and meditation. Then we had roll call and assembly and announcements. The prayer began every single day. During the war we had a prayer for peace at the beginning of every single class.

There was a retreat for the Catholic students between semesters - the Friday, Saturday and Sunday after exams. Some of the non-Catholics didn't think it was quite right for the retreat just to be open to the Catholics so they asked if they could participate also. So the time was changed to the first part of February.

There were three plans decided upon. The first plan was to make the retreat wholly and entirely. The students could attend all the sermons and in between time keep silence and read a book. They made the retreat wholly and entirely while they were at school. The day students would go home but the boarders stayed in retreat because there was one more conference at the end of the day.

The second plan was to make the retreat half and half, which meant that you could go to the talks or the sermons or the conferences when they were scheduled and then you could go to class when they were not scheduled. You would follow your class schedule in between the conferences.

The third option was not to make the retreat at all. If you made the whole retreat, you had no homework, no lessons to prepare; you just made the retreat. If you made the retreat half and half, you just had homework in the classes that you were able to follow. If you did not make the retreat at all, then you followed class as usual and you had your usual homework. I think sometimes the intentions were not too holy, shall we say. I think some of the girls made the retreat just to escape homework; but it doesn't make any difference what their intentions were, they were bound to have derived some good. If they wished, they could go see the priest who was giving the retreat in between the conferences and consult him about anything they wished. Some of the girls thought the retreat was one of the best things that had ever happened to them.

In the evenings, the Catholics had rosary in the chapel and if it was a feast day, they had benediction. The benediction was just on special feast days.

The Sisters' program was different entirely. They had morning prayers at 6 a.m., Meditation, and then the Little Hours of the Office. In the afternoon they had Vespers, and in the evening at 6 p.m., they had Matins and Lauds and Rosary, and on feast days, Benediction. At 8:30 p.m., the Sisters would come to the chapel and would have night prayers with the Magnificat. The girls who lived on that side of the building thought that was the most beautiful way to end the day. They would hear the Sisters downstairs in the chapel chanting the Magnificat. It was a beautiful end to the day. They were anticipating in their prayers, and giving thanks for all the favors and graces and blessings that God would bestow on them the next day.

The Sisters had their own retreat of eight days in the summertime.

The Catholic girls could belong to the Sodality. There were two receptions each year. One was in December, and one in May. The girls were just coming out from the Sodality reception on December 7, 1941, when they heard that our Navy had been bombed in Pearl Harbor.

In May there was a procession to the Grotto and one of the Sodality girls crowned the statue of the Blessed Mother - Our Lady of Lourdes - with a crown of roses and then they came back to the chapel and had benediction. During the war, either August 15, 1943 or 1944, Father Ballinger had offered Mass down at the Grotto and Navy personnel were there from the Naval Convalescent Hospital. They were in full dress white uniform, and Father was, too. After that we had a picnic in what the girls called the Holy Gardens. This was one of the most impressive events that I can remember.

There were classes in religion for all the Catholic students throughout the school, from the first grade all the way through the twelfth, and also in the college. The non-Catholic girls could listen, or they could do some homework or do whatever they wanted to. In the grammar grades, they did penmanship. They were serious classes, well prepared and the students were given a good background in their religion.

Later we organized the high school religion classes in a different way. The Catholics had the Catholic religion on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays we had moral guidance for the Catholics and non-Catholics together. It was a class for both. In the freshman and sophomore years they studied the Ten Commandments. In the junior year in Moral Guidance, they studied boy/girl relationships and in the senior year they had a course in marriage. These were also very serious courses, and we poured as much as we could into them because it was a very important time in their young lives to think about these values.

The Sisters at St. Genevieve have always had a strong devotion to the Guardian Angels and I can remember as a young nun, after Mother Lorin had said the grace at breakfast, dinner and supper, would say "Leurs Bons Anges" and all the Sisters would answer "Veillez Sur Eux" which translated means Mother Lorin saying, "Their Guardian Angels" and the Sisters replying, "Watch Over Them." I always could picture in my mind a host of Guardian Angels with every single student's Guardian Angel hovering over her head and looking out for her.

There has been a strong bond between the students and the Sisters for prayers. I can remember when we were down at Lorin Hall getting long distance calls from some of the girls who were in college. They would call just before assembly and they would say, "Mother Potts, I am going to have a heavy history exam today; please have the girls pray for me." So I would go into the study hall for assembly and I would say, "We have just had a long distance call from so-and-so, and she wants us to pray for her history exam, so we will say morning prayers that she will make a good grade on her history exam." This bond of prayer has bound the students of St. Genevieve, our friends, the alumni and parents very close together through the years.

CHAPTER TEN

TRADITIONS

Traditions are very important in the life of any school. The Mass of the Holy Spirit was traditionally offered the first week of school. We hoped all the students would be present for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon the school year. The Holy Spirit, the third person of the Blessed Trinity, is considered the enlightener of our minds and the inspiration of our hearts. Every student who wanted to study and make good grades and to succeed in the schoolwork was encouraged to pray to the Holy Spirit because He is the one that guides us.

The next thing on the tradition schedule was the get-together party in the high school for the new girls and the freshmen. It was usually the first month of school in the evening. The new girls were welcomed, and they went up on the stage and met the Sisters. Then the freshmen had a particular welcome. A senior chose a freshman as a little sister and gave her a friendship ring. She would look out for her during her first year of high school.

Also early in the fall we had open house for the parents on Sunday afternoon at a time when all the parents could come. There was usually a program of some kind in the auditorium - the Glee Club usually sang and then the guests all came up to the main building for refreshments. After that, they went to the various departments - downstairs to the grammar school to visit the classrooms, or to Lorin Hall to visit the Academy classrooms, or to Gibbons Hall to visit the classrooms and to meet the teachers. The teachers were in each classroom. Open house was a very happy affair. It started the year and welcomed the parents to the school.

The Academy Library Sale was also held in the fall so that it could be outdoors. There were hot dogs and hamburgers and cookies and cakes and all kinds of things to make money for the library. It was an annual affair. There were some chances sold on things, and it was advertised ahead of time so that the children in the Academy, Prep and Gibbons Hall would get their lunches at the library sale.

The next event in the fall was the Halloween party and that will take a chapter later on. But in the morning of Halloween, the last day of October, the first four grades had their party in the morning before the buses went out. Then the upper grades had theirs later in the morning or early afternoon and in the evening, the Academy had theirs. Most of the time it was late afternoon and evening because the Academy girls went out to Little Flower Camp to have their Halloween Party.

About the middle of November, the Academy girls observed Hazel Day. Hazel Day has quite a history. I remember before Hazel Day started in the late 40's. One evening I could not go to sleep, and I was trying to think of something or some way to initiate the freshmen. I have never cared for the initiation processes in different schools where they have freshmen do various undignified and childish things. I thought it was unconstructive and beneath the dignity of any human being. I just thought that hazing could be a very bad situation, just deplorable. So I was trying to think of something that would be constructive. From hazing I came to Hazel, the cartoon Ted Key had on the last page of the Saturday Evening Post. It was the maid dressed in the yellow uniform with the little white hat - a prominent member of the Baxter family. So I talked to the seniors about it and they thought it was a great idea. We would have Hazel Day.

I wrote to Ted Key in care of the Saturday Evening Post, and he thought it was a great idea. The Saturday Evening Post came through. They wrote and said they were thrilled about the fact we were going to have Hazel Day. They told us how prominent Hazel was - that some people who subscribed to the Saturday Evening Post turned to see what Hazel was doing before they even went to the front part of the magazine. Hazel was always on the last page. They asked what they could do to help us observe Hazel Day. I said, "We would like some posters." So Ted Key drew a

picture of Hazel with her hand on one hip and in the other she had a broom over her shoulder. Underneath it said "Hazel Day" and Ted Key's name was on it. I thought we would receive about 10 posters. Well, a short time later the express truck came up and out came huge posters. They were about a half inch thick, five feet tall with a mammoth picture of Hazel with her hand on her hip and a broom over her shoulder, and "Hazel Day" in big letters. We put "Hazel Day" all over the campus in great big signs, down at the entrance, everywhere.

Another interesting thing was that the Saturday Evening Post put out a public relations booklet that they sent to all the industries and factories and mills about their advertising. They had a whole article about us. About Mother Margaret Potts at St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines in Asheville, North Carolina, who was using Hazel instead of hazing in the school initiation process for the freshmen. I asked if we could have the original drawing that Mr. Key had made. So we got the picture which was about 12" x 18". It was just exactly like the posters and down in the corner, it said, "Best Wishes to the girls of St. Genevieve. With love from Hazel and Ted Key, too." We were thrilled to have that picture. We framed it and put it out in the hall and we had Hazel Day posted way ahead of time; and, of course, the papers came out and the T.V. came out and featured "Hazel Day."

What we did was advertise Hazel Day ahead of time and the freshmen would come to school and bring dungarees or blue jeans and old clothes and brooms and rakes and whatever, because we didn't have enough for all the freshman class. At 2 p.m., the freshmen would go out and stand in front of Lorin Hall and the senior class would assign them certain places around the grounds to rake up the leaves. The yard men did not rake up the leaves; they waited for Hazel Day for that. The leaves were all over the campus and oak leaves are always so thick and there were a lot of oaks on campus. At the beginning, the girls would drive the truck and bring the leaves to the back where they would be put in a big compost pile. Then it became a little bit dangerous because the girls were speeding up and down the drive about dismissal time, so we just had the freshmen rake up the leaves in big piles, and then we would go around and see who had done the best job. The group that had cleaned up best would get a prize.

To start off, we had a song. It was to the tune of "Baby Face" and this was the song:

Hazel Day
All SGP is fond of Hazel Day
A combination full of work and play
Hazel Day
Raking, cleaning, sweeping
The seniors watch are keeping
As each truck load passes
All the high school classes
Give a cheer for Hazel Day

We would sing that all day long. It was really a very happy time, and the girls never forgot Hazel Day.

One year we decided it would be nice if we could have Ted Key come down. We had planned for the mayor to give him the key to Asheville and we would have a great celebration for him. We wrote and invited him and he said he would love to come, but he couldn't that particular year because he was launching a new series for T.V., and Shirley Booth was going to be Hazel. The series ran for a year. It was a very clever series and Hazel was always the one that triumphed in the end. Everybody watched "Hazel" on T.V. because they felt close to her because of Hazel Day.

The next event was Founders Day on November 21, and we usually had some type of celebration and a program in the auditorium with the different departments participating. Each one

did some part to entertain the student body and then we had a half holiday. Classes were dismissed for the afternoon. This was always a very special day in the history of the school.

The next event in holidays was Thanksgiving, and Thanksgiving holiday started on Wednesday afternoon. About a week before Thanksgiving, we always called the Salvation Army and got a list of families who were in need of a Thanksgiving basket. The high school classes and the grammar school classes chose families. As the school population grew, we could take on more families. When we first started out, each class would have a family and the lady at the Salvation Army would give us the names and ages of the children and the girls would bring clothes to fit the children and then they would decide what food they were going to bring. They usually brought some type of meat, not necessarily a turkey, because the family would likely not have the oven to cook a turkey in, and lots of canned foods and fresh vegetables. Later, as the school population increased, a class could take two or three families and this was fine. They would divide up the things into boxes. One class I remember kept the North family all the way through high school. As the children grew up, they would enjoy going to see the North family. Some of those families were really destitute. It was good, valuable experience for all of us. Usually a class teacher went with the girls to the family. This made the girls so thankful for what they had because they could see what these families did not have. This made each one of us more thankful for our own Thanksgiving.

The Thanksgiving vacation would last from Wednesday afternoon until Monday morning after Thanksgiving.

In the 30's after Thanksgiving, the school sponsored a two-day bazaar called a Christmas Bazaar, and this was before the war. During the war we did not do it. It was in the study hall - desks were taken out and the study hall was all decorated and there were booths all the way around. The Christmas Bazaar I particularly remember was an International Christmas Bazaar. The booths featured different nations. I always had the cake booth and I had a punch board and people would buy a pencil and get a free punch so we would be within the law. We had maybe twelve cakes there and they would be replaced from day to day. Mine was the Spanish one. There was a little tile roof fixed up and it looked very Spanish. Always with this affair, Mother Jullien, who embroidered beautifully, had made a large tablecloth which she had hand-embroidered and that was the prize for the evening. They sold chances on that. There were other things that they had chances for.

There was a fishing booth, a blind package booth, all kinds of things. It was open two whole days. In the morning the grammar school children would come up and go around and participate in the different things and in the afternoon there would be people coming all afternoon and then in the evening around 7 p.m. until 8 p.m. or 8:30 p.m., was a chicken dinner. The chicken dinners were very popular and they were delicious - chicken, mashed potatoes, beans and pies. They were held in the large dining room and sometimes the girls would wait on the tables and help in all phases of the Christmas Bazaar. We would make about $2-3,000 which was a great amount in those days. When the war began, we did not have the bazaars anymore.

The next event was December 8, when the Sodality of Children of Mary had a reception in the chapel.

Next came Christmas and Christmas was always celebrated in a special way. There is another chapter on the Christmas celebration. Each class had a Christmas tree. In the high school we had one great big Christmas tree. But the classes could celebrate in any way they wished. In the study hall each class would choose a Christmas carol to sing - the freshmen would start out and then Tuesday would be the sophomores, Wednesday the juniors, and Thursday the seniors and then we would start over again. I remember the last day - the day Christmas vacation began. It was the seniors' choice and they chose "White Christmas." We were kneeling down saying morning prayers and I said, "Oh, Holy Spirit, please enlighten me to say something to the girls that will stay with them for this Christmas vacation because they are all going home. Please enlighten me to give

a special message to the girls this year." I was so happy that the seniors had chosen "White Christmas" and so all during the singing of "White Christmas," I thought this is what I am going to use. When we sat down, I checked the roll call, then I told the girls, "We have just finished singing 'White Christmas,' and 'White Christmas' is rather out of place in the South. We rarely ever have a white Christmas, but 'White Christmas' can mean other things. Christmastime is a time when we all celebrate and we are inclined to let down the bars and do things we would not do otherwise. Sometimes young people, particularly teenagers, who are going to dances and parties, may do things they might never think of doing otherwise. It's just because of the festivity of the Christmas season. It would be wonderful if at the end of Christmas you could stop and think `I had a white Christmas, nothing happened to me that would be objectionable in any way.' All your days will be merry and bright if all your Christmases are white."

Well, there wasn't a sound after I said that, and I thought, "I don't know whether they have taken it all in or not," but I hoped that they had. Well, they did - it became a tradition - the "White Christmas" became a tradition and every year after that the girls would always ask to sing "White Christmas" on the last day before vacation and then they would say, "Mother Potts, give us a talk on 'White Christmas.'" So that is the reason why at the end of my Christmas letter every year I say, "You and your family have a White Christmas." It means a white, clean, pure Christmas. All your days will be merry and bright if all your Christmases are white.

January 6 was a special day. Sometimes the boarding students had returned and sometimes they had not. If they had, we had a special day because that was the anniversary of the founding of the school, January 6, 1908.

I think this happened along in January because I remember it was a very cold, rainy day. One of the students brought me a beautiful big white gardenia. We put it in a little saucer with a little bit of water and the fragrance was all over the school; even the girls up on the fourth floor came down and said, "Mother Potts, I smell a gardenia." I said, "Here it is, but inhale, inhale. Don't breathe on it because it turns brown, but you can take little sniffs. I am not sure it is not going to be 5¢ a sniff. Just take a little one." When the day students came in the door, they noticed the fragrance, the perfume of the gardenia. It permeated the whole school. People were saying, "A gardenia, a gardenia." They would come by the office and take a little breath and so that gave me an idea.

When it was time for assembly at 8:45 a.m., I took the little saucer and put it on the study hall desk. We knelt down for prayers, sang a hymn and had our meditation and then checked the roll call. Then I said, "A girl brought me a gardenia this morning and its fragrance has gone through the whole school. Even the girls upstairs on the fourth floor noticed it. It was all over. People just coming in the door could smell the gardenia. Girls, this makes me think of something. Just suppose each of you by your graciousness and your manner and your behavior and your courtesy and your ladyshipness were a gardenia. Think what this would do. The fragrance would go all over Asheville. The bakers, the candlestick makers, the policemen, everyone travelling in the street would raise their heads because they had noticed the fragrance of a gardenia. That is the influence that will always exist if you are what you should be. The kind of girl you should be, the kind of person you should be. People will lift their heads and you will give forth the fragrance of a gardenia in your very being, in your personality in the kind of person you are. So each one of you must now try to be a gardenia all through your future lives."

The girls used to write back and say, "Mother Potts, I would like my children to know about the gardenia and what you said about it; please put it in your Christmas letter." These little talks in assembly were inspirations of the Holy Spirit. They were things that you were inspired to say and they would make lasting impressions.

Around Valentine's Day, about the first part of February, the girls' grammar school would have their Library Sale. In the old days they had it in the old gym and later they had it in the

auditorium and they sold hamburgers and hot dogs and all kinds of sandwiches and candies and cakes and cookies and all kinds of things for the benefit of their library. Sometimes they used to buy books or sometimes they used to buy films or something that their library needed. They were always very successful events. It trained the students to manage things and how to plan because it was all in their hands. This was part of their growing up.

Then came Ash Wednesday at the beginning of Lent, which is always a special time for the students and for the Sisters. Lent was always happily broken by St. Patrick's Day. The college girls had a St. Patrick's Day Tea for their library down at Lorin Hall. This was before it became the Academy Building. It was a very beautiful social affair. They had afternoon tea and crumpets and drinks and cookies, all kinds of delicious refreshments and the whole school would come down for it. Everything was decorated and everyone wore green in one way or another.

I remember one particular St. Patrick's Day, the day students all stayed after lessons and we went down to the Academy Building for the St. Patrick's Day Tea. Just as we were going down, a snow started to fall and while we were at the St. Patrick's Day Tea, the snow fell almost a foot deep so the buses had to come down, get the girls, and bring them up to the main building. Some day students had to spend the night. They couldn't get home because the snow was getting so deep. We had to make beds anywhere we could to accommodate them. We had to wait until the next day when things were plowed out. There was no school and it was quite an exciting St. Patrick's Day!

Most of our heavy snowfalls, by the way, came in March, which was surprising. I remember one first of March when it snowed maybe 18 inches. I don't think we have snow that deep anymore.

At the end of Lent comes Easter. If Easter was late on that particular calendar year, we would have a week to ten days spring vacation. Then we would have a long weekend for Easter. But if Easter was early, then we would have an Easter vacation of about ten days. It was very hard to go January, February and March without a break, so we would usually have the spring vacation in the middle of March if Easter was late.

Palm Sunday came the week before Easter, and I remember the girls always liked Palm Sunday because the Sisters, particularly those from Europe, would show them how to make special cones out of the palm branches which they would receive at Mass. Most of the girls went to Palm Sunday Mass because they would get a palm and then Mother Jullien and Mother Mueller would show them how to make the pine cones. They would put them behind a picture frame in their rooms. They thought that was a special favor to fix their branch of palms.

In May was the May Day Procession down to the Grotto, with a living rosary on the way, and the crowning of the Blessed Mother.

The first part of May, Gibbons Hall would have a carnival on a Saturday night. Their carnival was a great affair. They had bingo, a cake walk, and all kinds of activities going on. The parents were the ones who sponsored that carnival. It was a happy time. It started in the early afternoon and went well into the evening.

By the late 40's and 50's, I casually mentioned that the Sisters and the teachers were complaining about the girls bringing in pieces of their lunch - a sandwich, some cookies or a piece of cake - into class for the third period. "They are always bringing in something to eat which is disturbing." Mother Sharry said, "Well, I think we should do something about that. They are growing girls and in the mid-morning they are going to be hungry. People in business have a coffee break. We can't have coffee breaks, but we could have some kind of break." I spoke to the faculty and they thought that it would be all right.

I told the girls that we would have a break in between the second and third period of about six minutes and during that time they could have an extra sandwich or they could bring some extra cookies. The juniors got the idea of bringing Krispy Kreme donuts to raise money for the school paper. They would bring a box to school in the morning and sell them. They set up shop on the

cover of the Steinway grand piano in the corner of the study hall. It was very successful. Many girls got a Krispy Kreme donut and the business for the juniors flourished.

When we moved to Lorin Hall in 1955, we organized a "pickup" in a very efficient way. We had a drink machine, a crackers and cookie machine that was put out by Lance, and the donuts continued. So we had a pickup time of about seven minutes and this solved the problem of the girls eating and also gave them a little resuscitation in the middle of the morning. The teachers enjoyed it, too. They would come out and have a donut or something cold to drink. That practice went on for a long time. It was very successful.

When examination time came, one of the girls said, "Mother Potts, what about 'pickup' during exams?" I said, "I'll get the student council and we will talk it over." So I said, "Student Council, this is going to be during exams. I can't think of anyone serving refreshments during exams, but I do not see why it couldn't be worked out if we have an organized idea. So we decided on this: if a girl wanted something to drink, she would bring her money and leave it on the end of her desk. Then the girls who did not have exams that day would load up the serving wagon out in the Crescent. They would put the drinks in crates and bring them into the study hall. First of all, they were to give a drink to the two proctors who were supervising the examinations. That was a matter of courtesy. They would go quietly up and down the aisles and serve the girls what they wanted and provide a straw for every bottle.

By the time they finished serving all the girls, they would come back to the first row and pick up the bottles. The bottles would be quietly put in the crates and the serving wagon wheeled out with no disturbance whatsoever. It was a great success, particularly in the summertime. The girls felt very refreshed after the pickup and they could tackle their examinations with renewed vigor. One little girl said, "I think that 'pickup' helped me pass my exams." That went on for a long time - we had that as a daily thing and then through the exams. When the girls talked about this outside, people would say, "I have never heard of that before - having refreshments during exams." The girls would say, "We do things just a little bit differently from other people."

At the end of every year I used to tell them ahead of time, "I want you to prepare this for me. I want you to think about the things that you like best about St. Genevieve and then I would like you to make suggestions about the things that you think might make the school better. We could maybe put them into effect." So, on the first page they would put down the things they liked best and invariably about 50% would include morning pickup. That was a big thing that meant something to them. Sometimes it would be on 75% of the papers. It was always mentioned as something they were very fond of and they found helped them very much through the school day. "Pickup" seemed to be a good title that came into use quite naturally, and so "pickup" became a tradition of the school until it closed.

Since our campus was large, I thought it would be a very good idea to have a group of boarding students return a few days early, particularly juniors and seniors, and help with registration because we were rather far flung.

We chose six girls, called "Forest Rangers," who were very personable and pleasant and not timid or shy and who would know exactly what to do and say. We got so many wonderful reports from parents about how charming the girls were and how pleasant and efficient. One girl would stay with the family all the way through and then bring them back to Lorin Hall after everything was completed. She would take the new student up to her room and help her get settled; then she would come downstairs and start another set. They were kept busy. We had two days for the boarding students - sophomores and freshmen, and then juniors and seniors - and we had two days for the day students which were the first two days. In the evenings, the "Rangers" would help us get organized for the next day's activities. They were a great help directing and guiding and made a happy impression on the parents and new students.

I remember one time after midnight we started up the steps. We were just dragging. About midway up, I said, "Oh dear, I am so tired I hope I don't spook in spinerisms all day long tomorrow." Well, that was it. We broke down and sat there on the steps and laughed and laughed like crazy people for fifteen minutes. Anyway, we never forgot "spooking in spinerisms."

I explained to the students what a spoonerism was. It was named for Professor Spooner, an English professor in a university in England. Spoonerisms happen when your tongue gets all tangled up and that can often happen when people are tired. This happens to radio announcers when they are tired; their "tang" gets all "tungled up."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Parties and Dances During the School Year

These were great events. In the first weeks of school, the Academy had the party to welcome the new girls and particularly the freshmen. The seniors always had a little ceremony and they chose a 'little sister' from among the freshmen, and in the ceremony they gave her a friendship ring. All during the coming year this senior would look out for her little sister. Sometimes a senior had two little sisters since the freshman class was more numerous than the senior class. The Sisters were on the stage and the girls would go up and be introduced to the Sisters. Then we would have some games and refreshments.

Of course, the big events of the fall were the Halloween parties. These parties were just great. The girls were in costume, particularly for the grammar school. In the beginning the old gym was colorfully decorated - shocks of corn in all the corners and pumpkins and fall leaves - it was decorated to perfection. In the morning, the children came to school dressed in their costumes with their masks on. In the morning, the kindergarten, first, second, third and fourth grades had their party in the gym and then, after their refreshments, they could go home.

In the early afternoon, the upper classes - the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth - had theirs. They danced the Virginia reel and some square dances and had all kinds of games and contests. Everyone was in a costume and some of the costumes were so very clever. It was quite a colorful show to see.

In the evening, the high school had its party. The high school girls, as a usual thing, went out to Little Flower Camp in late afternoon and had supper out there and then came back in the early evening. Then later, during the war, when the buses couldn't go out to the camp, they would have their party in the auditorium. It was not so easy to decorate the auditorium because it was brick, but we still had some Halloween decorations around and the program followed the same tradition. The Sisters were on the stage and the parents could come and sit in the balconies so they could see the whole thing, too. It was just most colorful and entertaining. There were prizes for the best costume. The college had its own Halloween party. It was usually at Lorin Hall and a little bit more subdued and not usually in costume.

Later in the fall, after Gibbons Hall came into existence, the seventh and eighth grade girls and boys would have a little dance in the auditorium - one in the fall and another one in the spring. This way they were taught how to behave and they were also taught to dance. It was good training for the little boys and girls at social functions.

In the middle of October and in April, the Academy had a square dance. We had them for several years and Mrs. Marguerite Carter, Physical Education Director, did the calling; she was a fine caller. She had attended some of the square dances all through the mountains. The boys from Asheville School and Christ School were invited, as well as local boys. The girls had a great time because square dancing is a lot of fun and they learned to do it very well.

Then came Christmas. Christmas was a great affair! The Prep children had Christmas parties in their own classrooms. There was too much going on at Christmastime with Christmas nativity plays. They could have a Christmas tree of some size and then refreshments, or they could draw names for little presents. Each class decided what they wanted to do. The same thing was true in the high school.

In February, the Academy had an informal dance. Invitations were sent out and we had an orchestra and also dance cards. There was usually some theme carried out. One time the

decorations were like a castle. It was called Sir Dancelot's Castle and we had Coats of Arms all around the walls. Another one was a ski lodge with Indian rugs on the walls. Another time was onboard ship and they had to come up the gangplank to get in. One of the interesting ones was Leap Year. Across the ceiling were great big kindergarten rings just like a watch chain and in the middle was a great big watch. This represented the four time zones - eastern, central, mountain and Pacific time. It was a very clever idea. The decorations were lavender, blue, green and aqua. If the dance was near Valentine's Day, they used the Valentine motif.

In the spring, the first part of May, there was the junior-senior prom. This was a formal dance. Invitations went out to Asheville School and Christ School boys and local boys. There were dance cards for that, too. Usually the decoration was a garden theme. I remember one time it was Evening in Paris. The decorations were always very elaborate and colorful and it was a happy time.

In the very beginning, back in the 30's, we entertained the seniors profusely. The first class to entertain were the freshmen and they had a Tea Dance for the seniors. That was just all girls and it was in the old study hall. I remember one time it was a Deep Sea Dance and we had balloons filled with helium, and hanging down from them was a Japanese serpentine. That was like going through the seaweed in the deep sea. They had a great time.

Then the sophomores gave the seniors a picnic. They packed lunches and went to some interesting place in a big old truck. Then the juniors gave the senior banquet in the study hall. We had the study hall all decorated and they fixed dinner in the kitchen. I remember one time a chef came out for a Spanish dinner with a Spanish menu. But it got to be too much to have all this for the seniors at the end of the year. It was finally condensed into a banquet for the whole student body and we had it in different places. We had it up on the roof of the Battery Park, at Grove Park Inn, and at The Manor. Sometimes we had it in different churches because sometimes the churches wished to serve the banquet to make money for the church fund. There were big features in these banquets with songs and toasts. It always ended with Taps and a friendship circle.

Also at the end of the year was Class Day. The whole school prepared Class Day for the seniors. The Senior Prophecy and the Senior Will were read. Some article would be handed down from one person to another. There were all kinds of little funny things handed down in the Class Will. They could go to any member of the student body. It was usually a very happy and amusing time. They had some songs and at the end we all went out in front of the auditorium for the "send off" for the seniors. We had balloons filled with helium and there was a girl's name on every single balloon. When her name was called out her little sister read something for her - a best wish - and then her balloon was released and up it went. After all the seniors' balloons had gone up into the air and on their way, the last balloon to go up was the Spirit of St. Genevieve and it went up to look out for them on their travels through life. And that was the end of Class Day.

The Sa-Ge-Pi's - (Sa for Saint - Ge for Genevieve - Pi for Pines) were a group of students who, in addition to the dances, also invited the boys out one Saturday night a month. They would come and dance out in the Crescent in Lorin Hall or listen to records, play guitars, play cards and have a good time together. They would have refreshments. These social events were planned to give the girls in an all-girls' school and the boys in an all-boys' school certain ease of manner and a social time for pleasure. They certainly had a happy time.

Transportation and Trips

Almost from the very beginning of the school, there was a small bus and when the Sisters first moved out on Victoria Road, there was also a small bus. We are not sure where it went, but it may have met the public transportation streetcar down on Biltmore Avenue and brought the students up from there. It would look like an antique now. Mr. Harold Plamondon, Sr., drove it.

As the school grew larger, we eventually had two large buses and one station wagon. The two large buses made two trips in the morning and two trips after school in the afternoon. The station wagon took the Sisters who taught at St. Joan of Arc to West Asheville and then went on to Asheville School to pick up the younger children who attended St. Genevieve.

The station wagon was used at noon to take the kindergarten children home. So the children had very comfortable and safe transportation. It was a big transportation job with each big bus making two trips each morning. A Sister was always in the bus to oversee the students and guarantee silence. I remember when one little girl got off the bus and said, "Sister, are my bus marks improving?" They didn't have marks for their bus conduct, but we always laughed about that.

Also later, as the school continued to grow, the seventh and eighth graders had to use public transportation. The school buses were used just for the younger children. On Saturdays the boarders would take picnic trips. The Academy and the Prep took one bus, and the Sisters and the college girls would take the other, as long as there was a college, and they wished to go. In Western North Carolina you could go to a different beautiful place every single Saturday.

We got in the bus usually about 10:30 a.m. Before we went I would call the weather bureau, particularly if the day looked rather unsettled and I would tell them who I was and I would say, "We are going on a trip to such and such a place." He would say, "Oh don't go there, Sister, it's going to rain; go to such and such a place. Go to Chimney Rock - it's not going to rain there." It was just as if I were talking to God who knew what the weather was going to be. We would make our plans accordingly.

We went to Mount Mitchell, Craggy Gardens, Chimney Rock, Broad River beneath Chimney Rock, Bent Creek Ranch where the girls would ride horseback, and we went out to The Little Flower Camp. We could go out there even in the wintertime and build a big fire in the stone fireplace. We went to Jump Off Mountain, Caesar's Head in South Carolina, the camping grounds in the Pisgah National Forest, Mills River, Sliding Rock, Toxaway Falls, Looking Glass Falls, etc. The camping grounds in Pisgah National Forest and the other camping grounds had been made into fine picnic areas. Some of them had a pavilion, and five to ten camping spots with grills where one could cook hot dogs. There were picnic tables all around. These camping grounds had been made by the CCC boys, Civilian Conservation Corps, which was established by President Roosevelt back in the Depression to give young men from 17 to 25 something to do. They wore dark green uniforms and they prepared all these picnic grounds or camping places and they were well done. They cleaned up the woods and they stacked up piles of wood to be used for cooking and the pavilions were well built. There was a table inside, in case it rained. These boys lived in barracks in the different national forests and on Saturdays they would walk down to the highway and thumb rides into town. When they got ready to come home, they would go to the highway and thumb their way back. This is where hitchhiking first started and these young men were picked up because they had on the CCC uniform and there was no danger.

During World War II, we had no gas and no tires so there were no Saturday trips and sometimes I was pushed to the wall trying to think of something for the girls to do on Saturdays. Quite frequently we would go to Biltmore where there was a fine bowling alley. We would walk out there and the girls would bowl and then we would walk back. I remember once we were walking along and I was trying to think of something to pep things up a little bit, and as we were going down Biltmore Avenue by Newton School; up on the left was an old cemetery. This was right across the street from the Beverly Apartments and I said to the girls, "Let's go up in the cemetery and see what is up there." When we got up there, we could see it was an old, old cemetery. I said, "Now go around and look at the tombstones and the girl who finds the oldest tombstone will get a prize when we get home. Now just look around and read all the inscriptions on the tombstones."

They were scurrying around all through the cemetery looking at the tombstones and one girl said, "Oh, I think I have found it," and I went over and sure enough it was the tombstone of a man named James M. Smith, who was the first child to be born in this part of North Carolina. Underneath his name it gave his dates way back in the eighteenth century. I said, "Oh, you really get the prize. This is a big find. I am going to do something about this."

When we got back from bowling and I gave her the prize, I called the newspaper and I asked to speak to Ms. Marguerite Alexander. I said, "Ms. Alexander, you will never guess what we discovered Saturday afternoon. I had a little contest in the cemetery over by Newton School and I gave a prize to the girl who could find the oldest tombstone up there. One of the girls found the tombstone of James M. Smith." Of course, after all of these years, the carving on the stone was very faint, but it was still there. So she said, "Well, where?" I said, "Up in that cemetery and if you want to come out, I will take you up and I will show you which one it is because it is quite interesting. I think you could get a good story out of it."

The tombstone of James McConnell Smith in Newton Cemetery read:

"In memory of James M. Smith
Born 14th June, 1787
Died 18th May, 1856
He was the first child of white parentage
born west of the Allegheny in the
present state of North Carolina."

Well, they did. They took the girl's picture beside the tombstone that she had discovered and they had a full page in the next Sunday paper because this was an important piece of history. The first man born in this part of the country was buried in Newton Cemetery up on that hill. They did some research and they found out how far back the cemetery went. So that was a rather rewarding experience.

After World War II we initiated a very interesting program. We would take the college boarders and the Academy students that wished to go on trips in the school bus. This would sometimes be in March or April. If we were going to the Magnolia Gardens in Charleston, we would go in March because that was when the gardens were in bloom. We would usually get down there in time for the dress parade at the Citadel, which is the Southern military Academy. Then on Saturday we would go to the Magnolia Gardens, to the Middleton Gardens, and to the Cypress Gardens. Those were the three gardens that were in bloom. The azaleas and the camellias were a beautiful sight.

The next year if we had been to the gardens the year before, we would go to St. Augustine in the school bus. We would stay at the Hotel Monsant and we would go around and tour the St. Augustine sights. The third year in the cycle we would go to Colonial Williamsburg and we would stay at the Hotel Chamberlain, a very large and grand Southern hotel. We had such a great time there. We could drive from there over to Williamsburg. So we did this in succession. Then we would start back over again. We did that series for two or three times. The girls looked forward to those trips very enthusiastically.

In the meantime, the girls' grammar school eighth grade was taking trips to Washington, D.C. with Carpenter Tours. Gibbons Hall boys eighth grade was going to Washington, too. They went by train, and Mr. Pinto would see about that.

The high school girls thought that they should be able to go to Washington, too, so in 1954 we started the first trip for the seniors to Washington. We stayed at the Hotel Meridian, and the girls had a great tour of Washington. We saw everything. We went to the FBI, Smithsonian, the museums. The popular feature of the Meridian Hotel was that it had a swimming pool downstairs

and when the girls came back in the evening, they could go swimming, and then they would do something in the evening.

Since they had been to Washington in the eighth grade, the seniors wanted to go somewhere else, so we decided to try New York. This was all by Carpenter Tours. We would be gone a whole week. We would leave Sunday morning about 8 a.m. in a 43-passenger bus, and drive from Asheville, have dinner on the way, and stop in Williamsburg. We would do Colonial Williamsburg on Monday as well as we possibly could. We would go to the palace, House of Burgesses, the Raleigh Tavern, and then we would leave Monday afternoon for New York. We would get into New York on Monday night.

We would start the tour on Tuesday morning -- uptown, downtown, and midtown. In the afternoons the girls could go shopping by threes or fours and always tried to be back at the Barbizon for dinner at night, all dressed and ready to go out. They went to a different Broadway play every night. The Barbizon was very kind about getting tickets for us. This was a very happy and marvelous time for them.

We stayed at the Barbizon Hotel, which was a hotel for women. Two of the floors were reserved for girls from Katherine Gibbs. There was also a swimming pool, and the girls could swim there when they came back from town and before they went out.

On one particular trip that we took, there were four girls that had birthdays either going up on the bus, while we were there, or going back down again. We decided to have a special dinner party to celebrate. We were going to have a little private dining room at the Barbizon and everything was all planned. So I told the girls, "Now be sure to be home and get all dressed to go out to the play tonight, and then you can leave from the table, get the taxi and go." They always had a chaperone to go with them.

On one of our New York trips, we were almost in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street and some of the girls started down the wrong way. They would never get a taxi the way they were going and without thinking (we all had policeman's whistles in our pockets when we wore the habit), I pulled out my whistle and blew a blast. I had stopped all the traffic in the area of 5th Avenue and 42nd Street, because I really had blown a blast. I said, "Oh, girls, look what I have done. I have stopped the traffic. Gather around." They gathered around and I blew another blast and released the traffic.

The girls had heard the whistle and had recognized it and they were coming back, which was what they were supposed to do. Well, by the time we got home the story grew until I had stopped all the traffic in New York on all the streets and all the avenues. But that story has survived down through the years - the day I stopped the traffic in New York. It was a happy time.

Then also another time when we were in New York, I always hoped there would be an ocean liner at the pier getting ready to sail because I thought that it would be a big part of their education to go on board an ocean liner and see what it was like. Then when they said, "All ashore that's going ashore," we would get off and see the streamers flying, the confetti, and the band playing. It's a very exciting spectacle as the boat pulls out.

So this particular year that we were in New York one of the Cunard liners was going abroad so we went down to the pier. Usually there was a steward at the top of the gangplank and I would say, "This is a girls' school and we would like to go on board to see the ship. Could you give us someone to guide us around?" Well, this time he said, "Oh, Sister, we can't give you anybody. You and the girls just walk around and look at what you want to see. The liner today is crowded with priests and bishops and cardinals. Cardinal Stritch is going to be made a cardinal - he was the Archbishop from Chicago - in Rome." The ship was loaded down with clergy all around.

Just as we started down the steps going inside to go through the liner, here came Cardinal Spellman flanked by two policemen on each side. Cardinal Spellman's nieces had gone to our school here in Massachusetts and so he knew the habit. He said, "Oh, Mothers, how nice to see

you. Are you going to Rome?" We said, "No, we are just up from Asheville, North Carolina, St. Genevieve-of-Pines, and the girls are going around and visiting the ship." He said, "Well, that's very nice. I am happy to see you again." I said, "I am happy to see you, too." Of course, when I saw him, I was going to kneel down to kiss his ring as is the custom, and I thought to myself, "Please, what do you call a cardinal? I don't run into that many cardinals." When I was down kissing his ring, the Holy Spirit told me 'Your Eminence,' so I came up and said "Your Eminence" and I introduced Mother McGuire to him.

After that, we could have had the whole ship. Everyone was bowing to us - Sister this and Sister that - I told Mother McGuire we may as well stay aboard and go to Rome for free since we are getting all this attention. But then when the sound came, "All ashore that's going ashore," we got off and the girls said, "That was just wonderful." So we stayed right there as the ship began to nose into the harbor and the band was playing and the serpentine was falling. A very exciting time. It was just too bad we didn't stay on board and go to Rome, but, of course, we couldn't.

We always had Mrs. Moritz as our tour director and she just never ceased to be amazed at all the adventures we had and how wonderful the New Yorkers were to the Sisters. All the sights were free and they would let me go first and she said, "I just can't get over this. You are so recognized and treated so reverently." So when we went on board the Cunard liner bound for Rome, she said, "This takes the prize! I am glad I lived to see this."

Now when we got to New York on Tuesday morning we usually took the circle cruise. You go down to the pier and you take a cruise that goes all around the island of Manhattan. There is a man there that explains all the details that you are seeing. It's a very interesting trip because it gives you the feel of New York. You learn all about the city.

Then we toured Radio City, the Empire State Building, and the United Nations, where we had lunch - we did everything there was to do. Once we went out to Staten Island and went up in the Statue of Liberty, but that took a long time; so we would ask the girls what they would like to do before we made the plans.

Then we would leave on Friday morning and get down as far as Charlottesville. We would stay at the hotel and Saturday morning we would do Monticello and then come on home. We would get home usually Saturday night sometime. It just depended on how long we stayed at Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home. It was a wonderful experience for the girls and they looked upon the New York trip as one of the happiest times of their senior year.

Publications

The school published a school catalog for boarding students. It covered the Academy and there was a section that covered the girls' grammar school. At one time there were boarding students in the Academy and also in the Prep. As time went on, there were not enough Sisters to supervise boarding students in the Prep so finally there were just the Academy girls in Lorin Hall. But the catalog was a very attractive one. It gave all the information that prospective parents would like to have about the school and there was a fly leaf that included the charges for everything and the fees. One catalog would cover several years. Also, there was a school brochure which was full of pictures that gave a little bit of information.

The junior college published a handbook at one time that gave all the rules and regulations. It covered the customs and the necessary information about the junior college.

The Academy published a handbook called "The Pine Cone" which came out every two years. It covered the rules and regulations, the courses of study, the courtesy rules, all kinds of information, including the school song. A copy was sent out to all the parents. When the new girls came, they would get a handbook and their parents would get one, too. Some thoughts from the handbook said in essence that we tried "to secure the development of the entire woman by educating

the mind, the body, the intellect and the will." We wanted to send women of sound judgement and strong character and good citizenship into the world to be homemakers and business women and social leaders. Our general aims scholastically were to teach the student how to think and to form their own opinions according to "lofty principles of Christian morality." The handbook expanded on these ideas, but essentially it told the parents what our greatest hopes for their children were going to be. Inside the front cover was a complete schedule for the year. There was also a handbook for the grammar school and Gibbons Hall.

We thought we would like to have a school paper, but we didn't have the money for it. We wrote one sheet and we called it The Victorette and we ran it off on an antique mimeograph. Two girls would pray and two girls would crank and two girls would catch the paper. As time went on, The Victorette became The Victorian, a printed newspaper that came out every two months and gave all the news along with original articles and poetry. It had an editor-in-chief and the girls wrote for it. The Prep put out a very enjoyable little paper too, called The Pine Tips. When Gibbons Hall came along, theirs was called The Cardinal, and that came out every two or three months.

One of the issues of The Victorian was like a yearbook with the seniors' pictures and write-ups, but the girls wanted a real yearbook, so they solicited ads from different businesses in town and made up a small book which came out every year. It had the class pictures, and it was well done. It was also called The Victorian because of Victoria Road and the old Victoria Inn.

The college yearbook was put out on alternate years and was called Le Flambeau which means "the flame."

Jarrett's Press did all our printing from the very beginning and I should pay particular tribute to Jarrett's Press. Mr. Jarrett, Sr. saw about the programs for recitals and commencement. They printed the school paper and the yearbooks. When Mr. Jarrett died, his son took over. They were always most pleasant and helpful. They were just like members of the faculty. We all knew them and thought very highly of them. They were special friends of mine, so I think it is only fair to remember them with a special note of appreciation.

St. Genevieve's Scrapbook

St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines, 1918

Lorin Hall, 1961

Madonna Hall

Gibbons Hall

1900's

Mother Suzanne Deplanck
May 17, 1857 — January 2, 1915
Foundress and first Superior of
St. Genevieve's

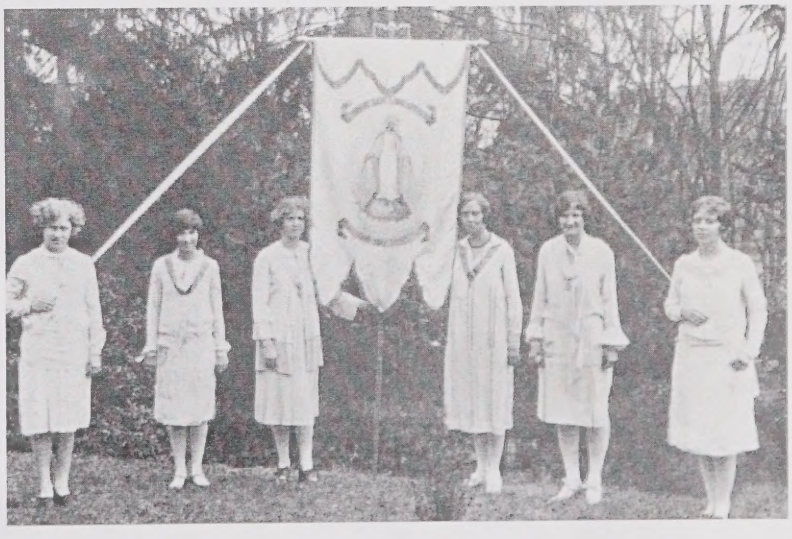
1900's

1920's

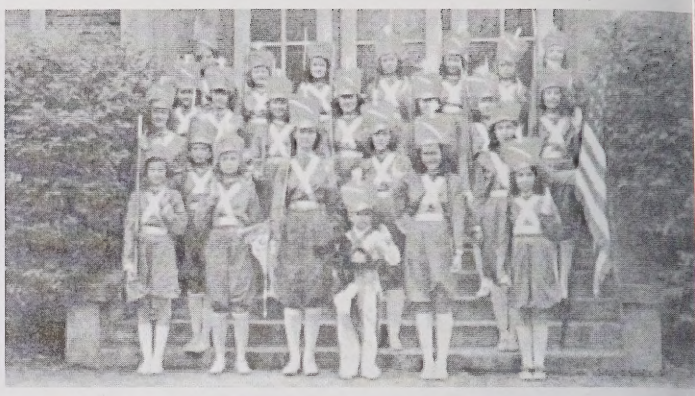
1920's

1920's

1920's



1930's



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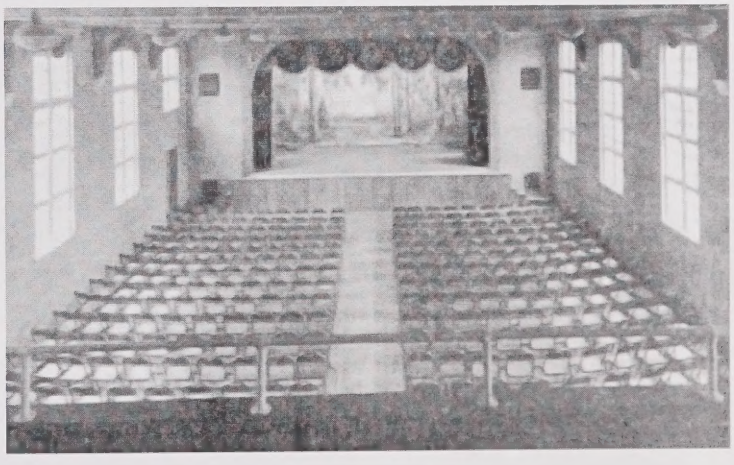
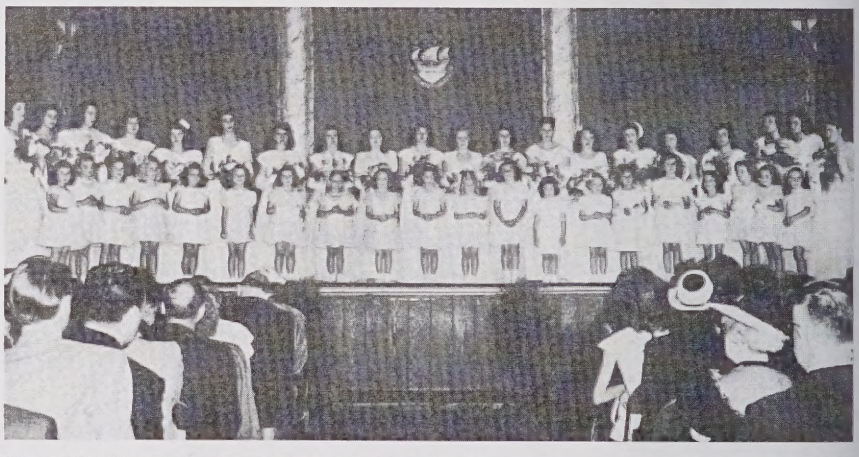


1940's



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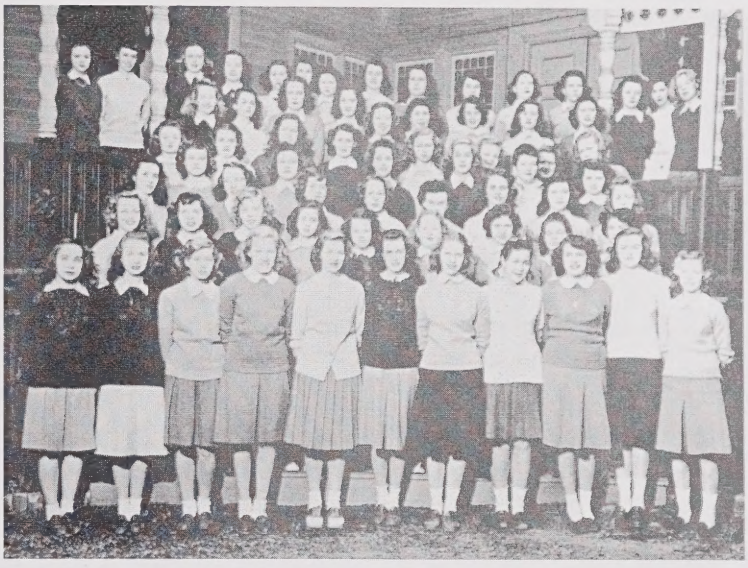
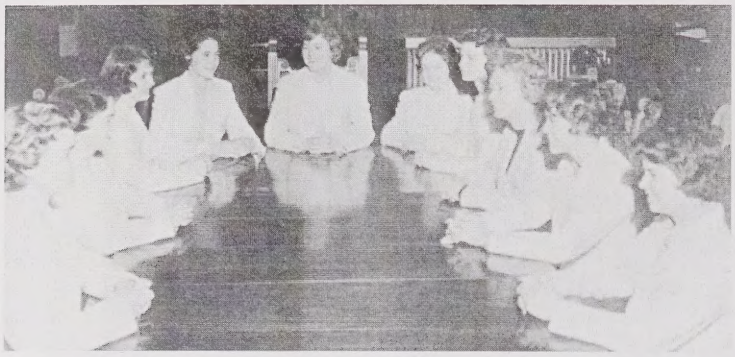


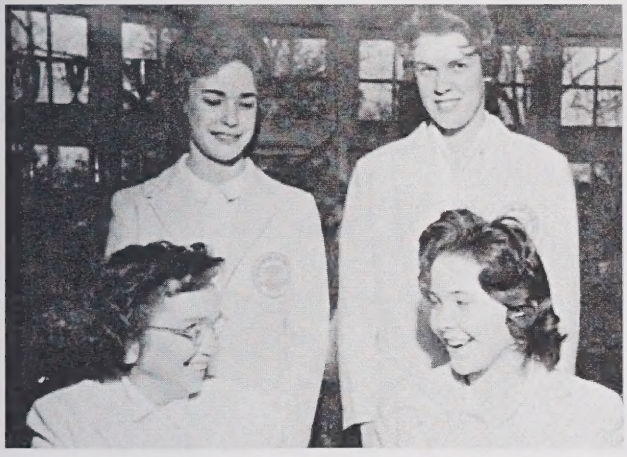
1950's

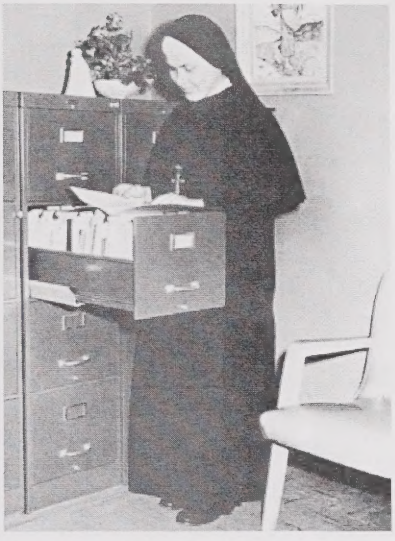
1950's

1960 – 1964

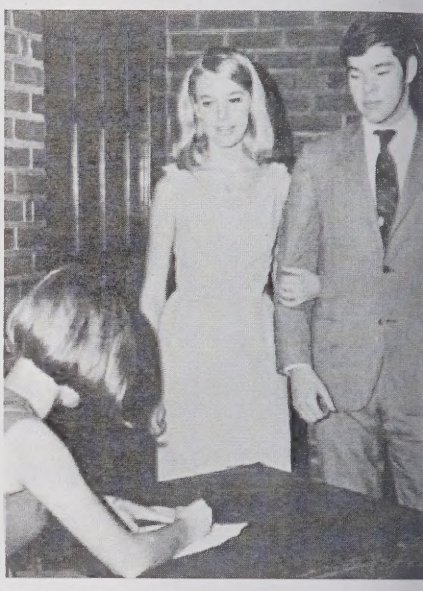


1960 – 1964





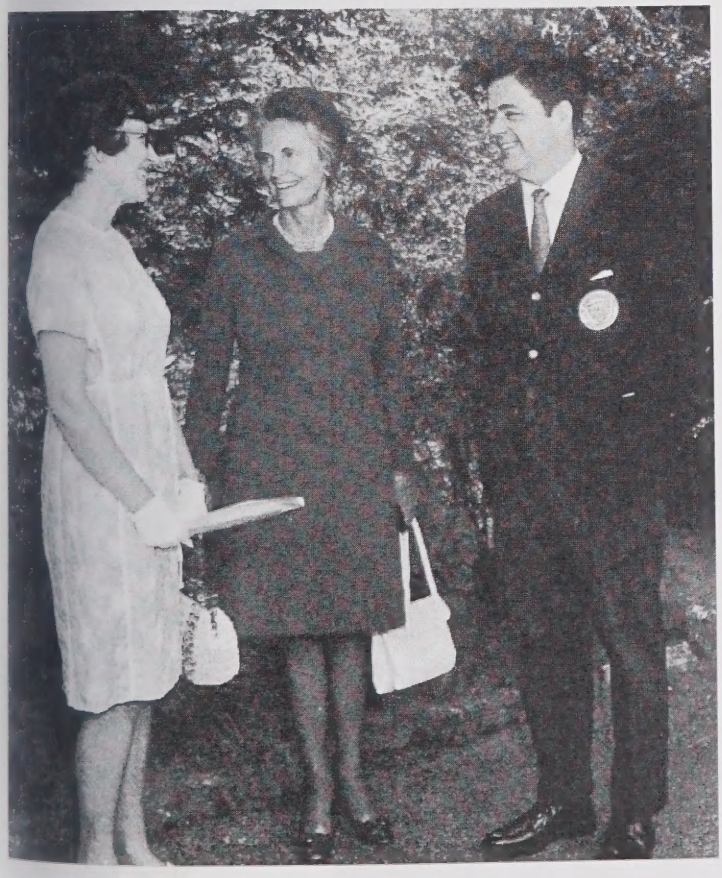
1964 – 1969



1965 – 1969

1970's

1970's



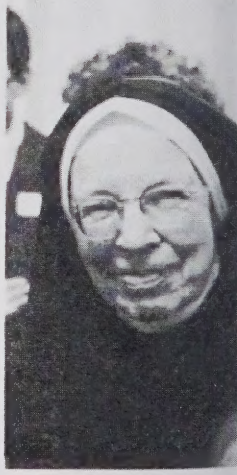
(l to r) Sister McGuire; Mrs. Billy Graham, commencement speaker; Mr. Joe Lalley, headmaster of Gibbons Hall

1980's – 1990's

Mother Margaret Potts being blessed by the Pope in Rome, September 1990

The celebration of Mother Anna Joubert's ninetieth birthday on Sunday, January 12, 1986

Most Reverend Michael J. Begley, Retired Bishop of the Diocese of Charlotte and Sister Helena Boudreau, Provincial of Religious of Christian Education, USA



Sister Day

CHAPTER TWELVE

SPORTS

Sports have always been a very integral and prominent part of life at St. Genevieve. In 1911 when the school moved out to Victoria Road they were able to have a sports program, but before that there was no playground or facility to have sports of any kind. The games were played outdoors most of the time. There were two basketball courts and two tennis courts located where Sharry Hall now stands. That was the playground.

In the wintertime they used the gym downstairs that the Prep classrooms adjoined. We have records of their playing basketball there. The girls at that time wore white middies and black bloomers and they had school teams. I don't think they played other schools.

Mother Regina Stelling entered the convent having had a course in physical education at Columbia University. She started the sports program at St. Genevieve. She was just a young nun when she began, but she was the one responsible for the enthusiasm for sports and for the Field Days.

The first Field Day that we have any record of had competing teams - the green, red, blue, and yellow teams - and the girls wore white middies and white bloomers with a sash around their waist that showed which team they were on. The records show that the green team had the highest scores and won the Field Day.

Near the playground were two tennis courts; the girls also played volleyball and softball. Mother Stelling had charge of the Prep athletics, and Mother Monk of the Academy and the college. When I was in college back in the 20's, the Academy and the college played together. We played softball in the fall and we played basketball in the gym. So the sports program was already started very well. It was well organized and as time went on, even better. The grammar school boarding students played outdoors from 2:30 to 3:30 p.m., and the Academy and college came on at 3:30 for an hour.

Then the daily sports program was only for the boarding students. The day students did not have anything to do with the program as they went home after classes. It was just after school that the Prep boarders and the high school and college boarders had athletics.

As time went on, there were two Field Days. The Prep had its Field Day and still maintained the same colors -the red, the blue, the green and the gold teams ("gold" sounded a little bit more elegant). The Prep held it on the old playground and used the chain-fence of the tennis court for the background decoration. The teams drew their places on the field. Most of the teams wanted to be along the fence because that gave them something to put their background colors on. There was one team located under each basketball goal and two along the fence. The games were all played on the old basketball court and the spectators were in chairs and benches along the side by the driveway.

The Prep teams were scored on their entrance, their background decoration, and on their organization, which was how well organized they were in getting their teams on the field. There were points for placing in the different kinds of contests - both relays and skillful games; 20 points for winning, down to 5 for last place. At the end, the team scoring the most points went to Reverend Mother to be awarded the St. Genevieve monograms for winning Field Day.

The high school played out there too and carried out a theme. The only one I can remember as outstanding was the Class of '49. They called themselves the 49er's and they had behind them a kind of saloon except the words were spelled backwards because they were supposed to be inside the saloon. The Last Chance Saloon was a good title for the senior team--the 49er's last chance.

The school colors were red and white for the whole school. Everything was red and white. But for a time the different classes in the Academy had their own class colors, and we had a friend of the school who made costumes for them, according to their class colors and themes. But that got to be too complicated and we let those costumes go and everybody kept the same school color - red and white. In the high school whoever won Field Day got a trophy.

After 1941, Mother Stelling was no longer director of the sports program. She was ill and she was transferred to the North. Between 1941 and 1947, some of the lay teachers helped with the sports in addition to a part-time sports director who also taught. I also did it for three or four years, just for the boarding students.

In 1947, Mrs. Marguerite Carter came to St. Genevieve to be the physical education teacher and athletic director for the sports program for the whole school. This was a most fortunate circumstance. It was just great to have Mrs. Carter. Her daughter Sally had been in the first grade. She stepped right in and added so much to the program - much originality and life and enthusiasm. Everything was well planned and so well carried out.

Also, at this time, the girls had their sports program during a vacant period in school; this allowed both the day students and the boarders to participate, and this was great for their class spirit and also for their school spirit. The girls followed a regular schedule - one season led into the other. At one time during Mrs. Carter's time, the high school was organized as a Pineer Club. They had their own officers, president, vice-president, and I think a secretary. They worked under Mrs. Carter and they helped her with the Pineer scores. Mrs. Carter originated a system that gave the girls points for participating in games and for faithfulness in practicing their skills. If they won a tournamentor were runners-up,, they got some extra points. Those Pineer score points were very important and went through the whole year.

After the new athletic field had been bulldozed below the garden, Field Day took on an entirely different atmosphere. It became a great affair and people came and we had a large audience. It was a wonderful playing field and it was great to have all the space. It had the big fence all the way around it that protected the balls and the players. The first Field Day scheduled there was the Prep Field Day and it still maintained the four colors with the usual relays and contests.

In the Academy, the winning team would get a trophy which carried out the theme that the winning team had. I remember one trophy that was awarded on Final Day that always attracted a lot of attention in our "Hall of Fame" - more about that later. It was a can of Campbell's Soup for the "souped-up sophomores" - that was their whole theme.

In the fall, we had the tennis tournament on the two tennis courts behind Lorin Hall. Also in the fall, we had softball; and in the winter, basketball and volleyball and teniquoits. These could all be played in the auditorium. "Teniquoit" was a very different game. It was played with a ring just as deck tennis, except that you followed the same rules as volleyball and the girls enjoyed it very much.

Also in the wintertime, we had individual sports inside: the shuffle board tournament, the ping pong tournament and the badminton tournament. When spring came, most of the time was spent working on Field Day. Field Day was usually the first week in May. After Field Day, the girls would go on a picnic and usually a teacher would go with them, either at somebody's house or at a camping ground.

Harold was able to pipe electricity down to the field one year and this added so much. We had music for the entrances, a loudspeaker to announce the games and a hand microphone to announce the scores when the girls were broad-jumping or high-jumping. We would announce their names and how many feet they had jumped. In between, the teams would all go onto the field to a good march. We would change the marches throughout the day. It made it much more glamorous and much more exciting. All of us, and the audience too, thought the music doubled the importance and excitement of Field Day.

The Mothers' Guild of the Academy had rummage sales. With the proceeds we built the stadium which has already been described. It came down the hill behind the vegetable garden and had a natural slope. It added a lot. At Field Day, it was filled.

Gibbons Hall also had its Field Day over on its athletic field. When Mr. Pinto came, the school had a very strong athletic program, too. There were two house teams - Lafosse , in honor of our founder, and Newman. The boys had football and soccer in the fall, basketball in the winter with baseball and track in the spring. Their program also included boxing until the mid-60's. Gibbons Hall's Field Day was on Saturday; there were many different kinds of contests, and the fathers helped out in this. At the end of Field Day, the fathers and their sons played baseball in a competition game. This was a very happy affair, too. Of course, the boys' Field Day was entirely different from the girls. The girls had long traditions, but the boys just went back to 1950.

In time, instead of middies and bloomers, the sports costume changed. Shortly after the middies and bloomers went out of style, the girls had a sports outfit which consisted of a short dress with briefs underneath. At first, the gym suits were different colors but at the end, they were all red. They used them for Field Day and for all their sports activities. They were comfortable to play in. Also, in the auditorium, we had a dressing-room or locker room under the stage where the girls could keep their gym suits and their clothes when they were playing. We never had showers in the auditorium which was too bad. We had thought about it but there was just no way to put in showers down there. The boarders would go to their rooms and get their baths.

I have already mentioned that the winning teams on Field Day got trophies. When the basketball teams had the tournaments at the end of every season (it was all intramural), the team that won the basketball or softball or the volleyball or the teniquoit tournament got a trophy, too. In the individual tournaments - shuffle board, ping pong, badminton -the girls received a medal. The medals were silver medals they could put on a charm bracelet if they wished. The medals for scholastic achievements and for the sports were similar. There was space at the bottom for the name and the year, and the figure or what went on the medal was appropriate to whatever tournament they had won.

In the old building, we had a Hall of Fame, which I mentioned earlier. It was the glassed in passageway that went along the dining room coming from the front hall and from the chapel. We had shelves where all the trophies the girls won were arranged. The whole area was filled with loving cups which were what trophies were in those days. In the summertime, I would spend a lot of time polishing the loving cups with silver polish to get them all bright and shiny. That was quite a job because they increased every year.

When the Academy moved to Lorin Hall, the Hall of Fame went, too, and we had it out in the Crescent, which was like a sun parlor. The room was curved like a crescent and all glassed-in so we had the trophies out there arranged on glass shelves all around the room. It was a prettier space. The walls contained the plaques. After I polished those loving cups going way back to the twenties, they were beginning to get battle scarred. The silver plate was coming off. We couldn't throw them away because many times in the summertime, a girl would come with her husband and her children and say, "I want to see the Hall of Fame." She would show her initials on some worn-out loving cup to her family, so the loving cups stayed there forever. Later, we did throw away some of them because they were just so old and so dilapidated. They didn't look like silver anymore and we needed to make room for the new ones. So we had the newer cups that did not become battle scarred and didn't have to be polished. They usually had some kind of figure on them - a girl in a basketball outfit or a girl in a softball outfit. There were all different kinds.

St. Genevieve's was chosen as one of the schools to receive the Babe Ruth Foundation Sports Award. The Babe Ruth Foundation sent a plaque each year with two medals to be given to the two students who were voted as the best athletes in the school athletic program. The first year we got the plaque, I remember it was a great big plaque and it had space for many girls' names at

the bottom. Mother Sharry presented the Babe Ruth medals to Jane Cocke, Class of '44 and Rosemary Whitemore, Class of '44. The paper did not take advantage of some special information I gave them. Mother Sharry's cousin, Brother Gilbert, was a Xaverian brother at St. Mary's Industrial Home for Boys when Babe Ruth was there. Brother Gilbert realized he had superior skill in baseball, and he promoted Babe Ruth and was responsible for discovering him.

Babe Ruth really made St. Mary's Home for Boys a famous place and he was always very devoted to the brothers. Brother Gilbert, being the one who had discovered him, made it most appropriate that Mother Sharry should pin the two medals on the girls that were part of the Babe Ruth Foundation. The Babe Ruth Sports Foundation did not last, and they could not afford to send medals anymore. We still had the plaque and we just voted for the girls ourselves and their two names went on, but they did not get a medal. It would not have been right to give them a medal because it would not be coming from the Foundation.

As I said in the beginning of this taping about sports, the SGP athletic program was a basic part of the girls' education. It balanced the scholastic part and was very important. Under Mrs. Carter, the girls received excellent training and discipline in character formation and sportsmanship; they learned to concentrate and to coordinate their muscular system so that they could perform skillfully in their different sports. It was a very firm, steady program. It taught the girls in so many ways to be strong mentally and physically.

When the girls went to college, they found that they were head and shoulders above the other girls in physical education. They knew the rules; they knew the skills; they were far ahead. The college athletic directors were very pleased with them, and they were able to perform very well and surpass the other girls in all the athletic contests. The girls were very grateful to Mrs. Carter for the excellent training that she had given them while they were in the Academy.

In appreciation for her dedication and devotion to the school, the school dedicated the new playground to her. This playground was the one bulldozed out of the land where the vineyard had been between the new parking lot and Pinto Hall. The playground equipment was moved there along with the seesaws, the swings, the ocean wave and other athletic equipment. It was dedicated to Mrs. Carter in a special ceremony and called the Marguerite Kimberly Carter Playground. It was there for a long time for the smaller children and the plaque was there, too. Mrs. Carter says the playground is no more, but that she has the plaque on her patio. Mrs. Carter is busy now holding exercise classes for senior ladies. They meet three times a week in a gym in North Buncombe. She said all they need is M & M - a mat and motivation. I think last summer an article and photo appeared in the newspaper and showed a group of senior ladies in blue sweatshirts with "Marguerite's Girls" emblazoned in white across the front. Mrs. Carter is still active in athletics. She belongs to the Carolina Mountain Club, and they climb a different mountain every Sunday. She received the Volunteer of the Year 1988 Award as slimnastics instructor, signed by Ray Kisiah, Director of the Asheville Parks and Recreation Department. She looks just as young and as trim as she always did. She has the same spirit which I hope lives in all the girls that ever attended St. Genevieve's and all the girls who came under her program.

I want to mention that the lower classes, the kindergarten and the first, second, third and fourth grades, had little contests of their own. That was the first part of the grammar school's Field Day. The fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades were the ones who participated on the class teams. The four captains were elected in the eighth grade and chose their teams from the eighth, seventh, sixth and fifth grades and were responsible for training them. The girls' grammar school Field Day took in the whole school. Of course, those little relays that the lower grades had were just short ones so they wouldn't be too taxing for the children, but they were trained, too.

In the July 1988 Reader's Digest, a very interesting, true story appeared entitled "The Pride of Centerville" by John Culhane. This baseball story focuses on the celebrated Louisville Slugger, a famous baseball bat that sounds like a formidable weapon of some kind that armed everybody for

any kind of contest that would come up - particularly softball. We bought all our sports' supplies from the Sutcliffe Company in Louisville, Kentucky, a very dependable and prompt company. They had excellent sports supplies. In the fall, for the intramural softball tournament at St. Genevieve's every batter wanted to use the Louisville Slugger. In the movie, "Pride of the Yankees," both Babe Ruth and Lou Gehring used the Louisville Slugger. You could see it plainly printed along the side of the baseball bat.

After the softball tournament, sometimes the faculty played the winning team. The Sisters would pin up their long black skirts. Several Sisters were great hitters that brought in home runs. I think the faculty beat the champion team twice.

Later, I had occasion to go to Louisville, Kentucky, for a meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, and one day at lunch break I walked down to visit the Sutcliffe Company. When I walked in, a salesman came forth and I explained who I was and where I was from and that we were particularly fond of the Louisville Slugger. He laughed. Then I thought suddenly, "Why don't I take back another Louisville Slugger?" So the salesman wrapped one up for me and I brought it back.

When I returned, I took it into the study hall and asked the president of the Pineer Club, which was the Athletic Association in the Academy, to open the package. She did and the students saw we had another Louisville Slugger and they clapped and clapped and said that I had given them a fortune.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

PROGRAMS SPONSORED BY THE SCHOOL FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SISTERS AND GIRLS

The first entertainments started in 1912 and had to be very limited because the stage was so small in the old study hall, but very good programs were planned.

Every so often the boarding students would have movies downstairs in the gym. The movie machine played reel to reel and I remember before starting each reel, Mother Colclough would splash holy water on the machine so it wouldn't break down during the course of the film.

I can remember a blind gentleman, Mr. Griffith, who performed several times, in fact, every year for two or three years. We placed a rug on the small stage and those were his limits. He gave scenes from Shakespeare and from famous plays and took all the parts. He had a very pleasant speaking voice and he really interpreted the plays very well.

We also had some fine music programs. We had the Hilga Trio. The Hilga Trio was three sisters - one played the piano, one the violin and one the cello, and their programs consisted of chamber music. They were excellent and they came each year for two or three years. They were really very superior musicians. We also had Mildred Dilling who was a famous harpist from New York and she gave several concerts at St. Genevieve's.

The Classic Guild consisted of two men and one lady, and they gave famous scenes from Shakespeare. The lady was the wife of one of the players and the scenes they gave were excellent, especially on that tight little stage. I remember the man who was the gatekeeper in Macbeth. He presented a whole new interpretation of the part. You remember the short scene after Duncan has been murdered and there is a knocking at the gate and he can't get there because he is intoxicated, and he sees two or three lamps. It was very effective and very interesting.

At this time also the Asheville Civic Music Concert programs were being held and the girls would go in to the auditorium in town. They had many fine concerts. In later years, they had an opera every year. When the girls came, they got their tickets, and the mother chaperones took them and they went to all the concerts that were scheduled. That was part of their education, too.

When our auditorium was completed, programs picked up considerably. We had concert pianists, violin concerts, and the Swiss Bell Ringers who were very good. We had a man who gave famous scenes from Dickens and he was excellent. Also most girls will remember Mary Louise Hickey, who came every year for six or seven years and would give a complete play - all three acts - and she would take all the parts. She gave *Barretts of Wimpole Street, I Remember Mama, Life With Father, Cyrano de'Bergerac* and many of Barrie's plays. After she had come for four years, she announced, "Well, I think I should get a diploma now," but then she came after that.

There was a girl that came and gave a play. It was a long play called *Theodosia.* Theodosia Burr was the daughter of Aaron Burr, and she married John Alston of South Carolina and it told about her life. The girl changed her clothes for the different acts. She was always Theodosia Burr, but you could tell from what she said what the other characters were saying. It was very well done. The last scene took place when she was on the boat going to New York to see her father. She was drowned in a storm at sea, and if you go to Pawley's Island in South Carolina, you can see a marker in the churchyard for Theodosia Burr Alston.

On Friday nights in the auditorium we had a movie and sometimes we had movies even before they were shown in Asheville. Mr. Bamford arranged the movie schedule. He wanted to see what our reactions were to the movies. As time went on, we got a larger screen that went clear across the whole auditorium stage and that increased the number of movies we could have Friday

night. The Sisters of Mercy from St. Joseph's and the Franciscan sisters from St. Anthony's would come. They looked forward to the movies.

In addition to these programs, many famous people that were in Asheville came out to St. Genevieve's to see the Sisters. The ones I can remember were Edgar A. Guest, the famous poet, Guiseppe Montinelli, Jose' Iturbi, and Thomas Meighan. Thomas Meighan was the movie star of the time and he was making a movie in Asheville and he came out to visit the girls.

One of our famous visitors was Eugencio Cardinal Tisserant, who was in charge of the Vatican library. He was invited to the United States to be the guest speaker when Princeton was opening up a new library. He was also the Cardinal Protector for the Religious of Christian Education. In those days every religious order had a person that was called the Cardinal Protector. It was a cardinal in one of the congregations in Rome. Cardinal Tisserant was invited down to St. Genevieve's and we had quite an impressive ceremony for him. The Knights of Columbus sat on the stage with him. He was a very imposing person and we were very happy to see him.

Also Francis Cardinal Spellman came to St. Genevieve's. The Catholic Daughters of America had their annual convention in Asheville, and they had invited Cardinal Spellman to come. We had invited him out to St. Genevieve's to offer mass. Now, as you remember, I saw him on the oceanliner going to Rome. Anyway, he came to offer mass in our chapel. Some of the Catholic Daughters were going to come, and of course, the Sisters. He was going to stay for breakfast after Mass. As I was coming up from Lorin Hall, I saw a lady sitting in the corner. She was dressed in black and had on some pearls and a black beret. I went over and I said, "Is there something I can do for you?" She said,"I would like to go to Mass if I could." I said, "Come right in. I will see you afterwards." She came into Mass and then afterwards I looked for her to give her some coffee and some pastry. I found out that she was Bernice von Guttenberg from Germany. She had come over to the United States to the Catholic Daughters Convention. She led a movement in Germany after World War II and she had come over to this country to solicit funds. Her plan was to teach the German girls how to cook, to sew, and to be homemakers - she said the war had just destroyed everything and she wanted these young girls to learn to run a home. She was a very impressive person and a very charming and gracious woman. I think she must have been in her early fifties. She must have been beautiful when she was younger, because she was very attractive and had a very strong, finely chiseled face.

Her husband was head of the Christian Democrats in Germany before Hitler took over. He was taken almost at the very beginning and her son was killed. So the Sisters, when they found out who she was, asked her if she could come out while she was in Asheville, and talk to us. She came out one evening and we sat on the porch and she told us all about her experiences and she said she had written a book. The book would soon be off the press and the title of the book was *Holding the Stirrup*. "Holding the stirrup" goes back to ancient times when the fair lady went out and held the stirrup for the knight to mount his horse and be off on whatever quest he was going on.

We got the book for the library, and the girls thought it was very interesting. It told the story of her life and I can remember certain parts of it. You must remember that the von Guttenberg family was the one that invented printing and that goes back many centuries. Her family - she said this very simply - had seven castles dotted around throughout Germany. Then she told about meeting Baron von Guttenberg for the first time. He came to their family castle at that time and asked if he might see her. She said, "I got so excited because the Baron von Guttenberg, who was such a handsome man, wanted to see me. I was putting on some perfume and I was so excited that I spilled some. I didn't have time to change my dress. I went down the steps just reeking of perfume. It was a fine perfume, but there was too much of it." The Baron said, "Oh, what a wonderful fragrance." Then she explained that she had spilled some and that she was sorry.

About 1945 Mr. Hugh Stanard began a lecture series on World Affairs for the Academy girls. He was gassed in World War I and as a consequence was in very poor health. He had been a

correspondent on the National Geographic staff for a number of years and he had been in China, Japan, and throughout the Orient. He was a very well-informed and scholarly man.

He inaugurated a series of lectures on world affairs for the people in town who came out to the college for about an hour from 11 until noon. There was very good attendance. People got their annual tickets and they came on Tuesday mornings to attend his lectures. He gave the same lecture over again on Wednesday afternoons to the Academy girls and it was a very fine, informative series. He would go around the world discussing the events that were happening; then he would give the historical background. It was really a wonderful series, and the girls were brought up to date with an understanding of world events. The girls that went away to college said they were head and shoulders above their classmates because they knew the background of so many of the unusual events that were happening in the post-World War II period. I remember when we visited the U.N. our guide - a young lady - remarked afterward, "You know, your girls are very well informed. They know the background of all these current problems." I told the girls afterwards that the guide at the U.N. was impressed with their general knowledge of current affairs. Mr. Stanard continued to lecture for several years, as long as his health permitted.

In 1950 Mr. Pinto scheduled a series of six lectures- three one semester and three the next. These were most interesting. They were held in the evening and friends of the school and parents could buy their tickets for the whole series. He would schedule the whole program for the entire year. These lecture series went on year after year.

One of the first people to come on the lecture series was General Carlos Romulo, who had been head of the Philippine forces during World War II. Also General Romulo was the first president of the U.N. He was a very charming person and a fine man. I was introduced to him when I was walking up from Lorin Hall, and Mr. Pinto was showing him the auditorium where he would be speaking that night. I said," I am so happy to meet you. I think you would be interested to know that Commander Chick Parsons' children came here to school." The general said,"Oh, Chick Parsons! Chick Parsons was our great friend. He did so much for the Philippines. So his children came here to school?" We said, "Yes, they came to the school during the war - all his boys." He said, "That is wonderful; Chick Parsons was a great person." General Romulo gave a fine talk that evening. He was most interesting and I was very happy that he remembered Commander Parsons.

Also on the program was Emily Kimbrough. She and Cornelia Otis Skinner together wrote *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* which became a movie and was also a play. The girls gave the play at St. Genevieve's. She was a charming person, and her talk was most enjoyable. Another person who came was Baroness von Trapp, who gave a talk on her experiences. Archduke Joseph of Austria also gave a talk. John Gunther was one of the speakers. He was the author of the *Inside* books. Dr. Tom Dooley came two times. He came before he became famous, and then he came afterward, too. He was in Laos and so interested in the Laotians. This was before the Vietnamese War. He was a young doctor who went over there to look after those people and he loved them. With this lecture series, he was raising money to go back to Laos. He also wrote several books about his experiences. The second time he came back he came for the same purpose, to raise money by his lecture series. He had written several more books. He just enthralled his audience. He had a good sense of humor and he spoke so well about the Laotian people and what wonderful people they were.

On one of our trips to New York, we had just gotten into New York and we were on our way to the Hotel Barbizon and we were at a stop light on the corner of 5th Avenue and there was Dr. Tom Dooley. Mother McGuire said, "There is Dr. Dooley." On the side of our bus, it said St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines, Asheville, North Carolina. Dr. Dooley was talking to someone, he looked up and he saw the bus and he jumped two feet up. "Oh, St. Genevieve's" and then the light turned

green and we swept across 5th Avenue. There was no way of stopping because it might have caused an accident.

Dr. Dooley ended both his lectures with this quotation from the last verse of "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost. "The woods are lovely, dark and deep, but I have promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep." Later, in the senior English class I discussed with the girls why they thought Robert Frost repeated the last two lines. I received several different versions but most of us thought it expressed his strong determination and firm resolution to keep his promise, no matter what, or how lovely the woods were or how tempting. In Dr. Dooley's last book, A Night on a Mountain, he related that he had a bad fall in trying to rescue someone on the mountain and suffered serious bruises that later developed into cancer. He died in his 30's which was very tragic. The Laotian people lost a devoted friend and great benefactor. Dr. Dooley's mother, Mrs. Agnes Dooley, wrote the story of his life and entitled the book *Promises to Keep*, - a very apt and fitting title for the story of his life.

We would get letters from him every so often; one of the things he asked for was junk jewelry so we had a collection - the girls brought in all their junk jewelry and their friends' and families'. We had a bushel of it which we packed up. It cost a small fortune to send, but we all chipped in and we mailed it to Dr. Dooley to use any way he wished.

Dorothy Thompson also came and gave a lecture. She was a famous journalist back in those days. Commander Chick Parsons came to tell us about his experiences in the Orient. Then Father Francis X. Talbot, a Jesuit, who was an author and editor of *America Magazine*, a weekly magazine published by the Jesuits, came. He also wrote several books. He came to St. Genevieve's on the lecture series and after he left, he sent us one of his books entitled *Saint Among Savages*. We always thought that was a priceless possession. Another famous person that came was Mrs. Chennault, the wife of General Clare Chennault. She spoke very well and was a very fascinating lady. She was back in Asheville several summers ago. The Flying Tigers, or what was left of the Flying Tigers, used to get together periodically, and they had invited her to join them at The Grove Park Inn where they met.

Then we also had some famous authors. We had Herbert Philbrick, who wrote *I Led Three Lives*, and Vance Packard, who wrote a series of books to enlighten the public. The most famous one was *Built-In Obsolescence*, but I don't think that was quite the title of the book. He was saying that the manufacturers made things to last just a certain length of time. I remember the first nylon stockings lasted for two years. Of course, that was going to ruin the hosiery business so they didn't make hosiery that would last so long. It was the same way with china. They would just make so many copies of the chinaware and then if you needed replacements, it would have been discontinued and you would have to get another set or pattern china. It was built-in obsolescence.

David Schoenbrun came. He was a famous journalist in World War II, and he told about his experiences. Margaret Bourke-White became famous for her photography during the war. Usually women did not do that sort of thing then, but she made her place and she was considered among the best. Erwin Cannon, a fine person who was editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, came and gave an excellent lecture.

These lectures were part of the school program, too. The girls could attend the lectures if they wished. The Sisters, of course, were invited guests. After the lectures, Mr. Pinto and the sponsored speaker would go down to Deplanck Hall, where there would be coffee and refreshments. Anybody who wished to could go over and meet the speaker. It was a very pleasant social time together for everyone.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The college had a three-act play every year. The school also alternated with the Academy for the Christmas play. They gave *Nine Girls, White Iris*, or something like that. Then they also had the Hillside Literary Club, which met frequently and they would read papers, all in the literary area. The club staged a debate and had different kinds of programs that the students participated in.

They also had a French Club which they called Trait d' Union, which is the word for hyphen in French (between the French and American). They had programs all in French. One-act plays were also put on by the French students.

The Academy had different plays all the time. At Christmastime they alternated with the college in giving a nativity play. In the course of their history, the Academy produced two light operas. That seems a tremendous undertaking for students. The first opera was *Lela Walla, The Maid of Niagara*, and May Jo de Nardo took the main part in that. I believe the idea of that was that each year an Indian maiden was sacrificed to Niagara Falls for peace in the tribe. I don't remember how it ended, but it was a powerful, light opera.

The other light opera was *The Chimes of Normandy*, and that was a big alumnae undertaking. I remember when the girls were practicing for *The Chimes of Normandy*. The alumnae always came in the spring of the year and invited the senior class girls to join the alumnae, and Mother Stelling said, "Well, the girls are working hard on *The Chimes of Normandy* this year and they are going to give it in the spring." An alumna said, "Well, I remember that. I was in *The Norms of Chimedy* once myself." The girls did not laugh until after she got away, but we laughed about *The Norms of Chimedy* for a long time afterwards.

When the time came for *The Chimes of Normandy* to be presented, right in the middle of the performance, the lights went out and stayed out for over an hour. Many people left; they just could not stay. Mother Stelling thought it was such a shame that the lights had gone out and they had not gotten to see the whole thing since the girls had worked so hard for it. The lights came on eventually, but it spoiled the production. Mother Stelling then decided she would give *The Chimes of Normandy* at commencement.

That was not the best idea because it was a long light opera and after the girls finished with that, they had to get all the makeup off their faces and get into their graduation dresses and it was getting late in the evening. Later Mother Stelling said, "We will never do anything like that again. I have learned a lesson."

The Academy also had a French Club which was called The Tri-Lang Club. It was really French, Spanish and Latin. The members would give programs in French, Spanish or Latin. They actually did some scenes in Latin and it was good training. They also gave big, three-act plays - one a year.

In the beginning, everything had to be presented in the study hall of the old building. The stage was reconstructed to come out to the first post, which enlarged the stage a few feet, and the post helped to support the curtains. Curtains were hung across the side windows and the steps coming up from the classroom. Later the wall was taken out between the study hall and the big back classroom, and that enlarged the study hall a little bit. Everything was given there before 1936, and it was certainly a very difficult project. We did the best we could with what we had.

The student activities period was another thing the high school girls took part in every Friday afternoon. It was all their initiative, guided somewhat by their class teacher and given for the entertainment of the faculty and student body. There were no properties or costumes - all was

imagined and depended upon the acting. Sometimes it was a musical selection, but usually it was a little skit of some sort.

I remember one class was giving famous scenes from books that they had studied. This particular one was *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens. The scene was Sidney Carton going up to the guillotine. Keller Cushing was Sidney Carton. They had some steps she would go up and say, "It's a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done." Then she went up to the top. Then some of the girls behind the screen would beat the tin candy box we used for the report cards as if the guillotine were working. There was one sharp blow and then a dull thud. That was so realistic you could hear Sidney Carton's head being cut off, and you could hear the thud of his head on the ground. It was a chilling effect, and very real!

It started something. We had the guillotine going anytime anybody came near that report card box before study hall started; we would hear the beating on the report card box, and then the sharp strike with a ruler and then the thud. This went on for years, long after Keller Cushing had graduated. The French Revolution Bicentennial in July, 1989, brought back this vivid memory, and I felt rehearsed.

It was later changed so that the students gave only one program a year, something they had really worked on. The seniors began, followed by the juniors, then sophomores and last freshmen. That provided two performances each semester and that was enough, because it took a good deal of preparation to put on a good production.

I remember one class, I think it was the class of '42, when Virginia Wheeler was Baby Snooks. Every time they gave an activity period, she had a little feature for Baby Snooks and the last one in May was a little flower girl who had poison ivy. It was just as clever as it could be. She kept a little series going all the way through the year which was very clever and entertaining.

When Mrs. Emily Bergere was teaching dramatics and putting on the plays, she mentioned that she thought it would be very helpful for all the programs at St. Genevieve's to start at the same time. If we would choose an unusual time, people would remember it and if we started everything at that time on the dot, people would be there. There wouldn't be any people coming in late. We chose 8:08 p.m. for everything. The plays would start at 8:08; Commencement would start at 8:08; everything we did in the evening would start at 8:08 and people did remember. I can remember very vividly on Commencement Day when we were practicing, we would synchronize our watches with the clock in the auditorium. The girl who was going to pull the curtain, the girl who was going to play "Pomp and Circumstance," and I were right together. At exactly 8:08, the seniors were all lined up with their flower girls, I would give the signal to the girl on the stage, she would start pulling the curtain, "Pomp and Circumstance" would start - everything just clicked. The girls had a lot of fun about 8:08, but it really worked. People were there on time. I think they continued 8:08 down through the years.

The big plays that the girls gave were three-act plays and they were very good. Some were *Career Angel*, *Jenny Kissed Me*, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, *House on the Cliff*, and there were many others.

Emily Jean Byrum Bergere taught speech, dramatics, and dancing from 1950 to 1954, and 1957 to 1969. She also directed all the plays in these periods. I well remember the cold rainy day in early September when she came out to St. Genevieve's after I had asked her about the possibility of her teaching several courses. It was a happy day for the school, but it was a very rainy day for us. In addition to the teaching and directing, Mrs. Bergere was a capable, knowledgeable and gracious chaperone for the senior trips taken each spring to New York City, where she had lived for several years.

It is interesting to note that after acting in the senior play, several girls went on to careers in acting or directing because of Mrs. Bergere's training, encouragement and support. She had a gold charm bracelet and after each play the girls gave her a gold disc, giving the title and year of the play.

The bracelet had sixteen gold discs: a fitting tribute to Mrs. Bergere for her to remember. She was on the faculty of Asheville-Buncombe Technical College after she stopped teaching at St. Genevieve's, so this makes another liaison between St. Genevieve's and A-B Tech., which now owns the property and has activities on the campus.

Gibbons Hall put on a big play every year, and those boys were fine actors. They put on *Treasure Island*, *Brother Orchid*, and *The Seven Keys to Bald Pate Inn.* Those were big productions and they did a terrific job.

Going back to the time when the Prep was in the main building and had the large gymnasium, the girls put on programs and skits in English and French. Another program that was well received by the parents was a type they called "Demonstration Programs." The classes would demonstrate on the stage as though it were in a regular classroom exercise, such as a baseball spelling game. They were well attended and very important to the children.

In addition to the plays, each department would have several concerns during the year. They would prepare programs for Founder's Day, for Christmas, and for different occasions and these would be recitals or concerts that the students would prepare. Gibbons Hall prepared programs for honor roll. The students would present some kind of program to entertain beforehand. All the students had a chance to appear and to be at ease in public.

In the 30's the college girls had a form of student government in which the girls participated in the running of the college. I do not know what they called it. In the 40's the Academy started a student council, and it changed its functions and its organization several times. As far as I can remember, it started out with 10 members. It included the four senior class officers, and the president and vice-president of the other three classes. In due time the student council became very well organized. It was a fine group. The members took charge of study hall, they assumed all kinds of responsibilities, and no one ever resented them. When we started the report system, and a student counselor was free, she would monitor a study period. She would check the people in her study hall and everything was quiet. If a student disturbed study hall, she could report herself and it would be counted one report, and if she didn't, the student counselor would report her and that would count as two. Reports were read out on Friday. The girls would have to stay after school and work. This was all in the handbook. I think with three reports, they had to work for an hour. It could be some chore, or on some subject in which they needed extra time. It was work like washing windows or some cleaning or weeding in the front flower beds, different things they could do. One report equalled 20 minutes of work. Some girls never had reports and some had two or three. Usually the girls did not report themselves; they just trusted their luck that the counselor hadn't seen them, but the student council was a very fine organization. I never ceased to be amazed when I discussed a problem with the student council as to what we could do to handle it, what surprising wisdom and insight the girls brought to our discussions.

For instance, when Mr. Stanard was giving his lectures on current events, we would have some trouble about discipline. He could not have any disturbance whatsoever, and I said, "Now girls, if this continues, we will just have to cancel it." They said, "No, Mother Potts, he gives us too much information and we will be so well prepared when we go to college. We will see what we can do." So they got the idea that the girls could bring knitting, or they could sit, or they could do anything just as long as they kept quiet and didn't wriggle around and disturb the listeners.

The student council had many good ideas. I had to moderate the members, though. They were inclined to be too strict, but they were excellent. If anybody was cheating, we had to have the proof. We found as time went on, we became more experienced. If a person would cheat, she would also lie and steal. Those three things are all one character flaw. Working on and with the student council, the girls developed an appreciation of self-discipline and the need for and respect for authority; this work prepared them for future responsibility in their adult lives.

For a number of years the student council continued with the same organization of ten students. As time went on it got better and better and wiser and wiser. The girls helped in many ways. We had very strict rules about cheating of any kind. We had to have proof if anyone was suspected of cheating on a test or examination. There were always Sisters up front and back in the study hall while the girls were taking tests, and at examinations it was the same. They took their tests in their classroom but the teachers watched very carefully.

Sometimes students could have things written on notebooks, in their hands, or wherever. It was the same thing if someone took something that belonged to someone else. We had to have proof of this. But the honor program went along very well. If a girl cheated on a test or an examination and it was proven that she had, as soon as the tests were over, she had to apologize to the whole student body because she had lowered the standards of the school. When this happened, it was not publicized any other way except the morning after it occurred. I would say in the assembly, "Girls, Maryann has something to say to us." I would nod to Maryann and Maryann would stand up and say, "Girls, I have cheated on my history test and I am very sorry that I have lowered the standards of the school, and this will not happen again." I would say, "Thank you, Maryann." And that would be the end of it.

There weren't too many who had to do this but when they did, they were changed girls from then on. They said when they were standing up there and realized that they had lowered the standards of the school and all the girls were looking at them with such serious expressions on their faces, that it was a turning point for them right then and there. I learned this from a military school in Chattanooga, Tennessee, when I went to the Southern Association. Mr. McCallie told what he did about the boys. It was the idea of lowering the standards of their school. This seemed to make a very deep impression. The girls on the council were greatly respected by all the student body because they had to be good examples and do what they were supposed to do. I don't remember any student counselor ever betraying her trust.

The boarding students had a little council of their own. It was called The Inner Circle Council. We always considered the boarding students as the "inner circle." It became ICC. The girls chose four girls - two seniors and two juniors. They took charge of things among the boarding students and carried out their responsibilities very well. The student council was a wonderful thing and so was the Inner Circle Council. They both were a great help in running the school and keeping things going the right way.

The Science Fair in the spring was a very important feature of the school year in the girls' Academy and in seventh and eighth grades. In the high school there were biology classes offered each year and chemistry and physics in alternate years. The general science classes in the girls' grammar school and in Gibbons Hall also participated.

Each student in each science class was required to prepare a scientific project based on original research. The Science Fair, arranged in the auditorium, was scheduled for two days - Saturday and Sunday - and was open to the public. Each student stood by his or her project, prepared to answer any questions the judges or visitors might ask. Five judges were chosen from the local schools and I remember that one of the best judges chosen each year was a black lady from Stephens-Lee High School. This was the segregated school for black high school students at that time.

The blue, red and yellow ribbon winners went on to the regional fair held in Cullowhee several weeks later. The students considered the Science Fair one of the most important and challenging events of the entire school year.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE CUBAN STUDENTS

Recently I have been thinking what an important part the Cuban and Latin American girls played in the school history of St. Genevieve's and that the memories of these girls should be included.

There were Cuban and Latin American girls at St. Genevieve's from the very time it moved out to Victoria Road and started taking resident students. So many Cubans and people from South and Central America who came to Asheville in the summertime became acquainted with the school and sent their daughters to school in the winter. This may account for the large number of Cuban and Latin American girls that came.

The first I remember was back in the 1920's. Miss Marguerita Samayoa lived in Guatemala and used to come to Asheville in the summertime. Her brother had gone to Cuba as a young man and had married a Cuban and had children. He wanted his children to be educated in the United States, so as a consequence, Aunt Marguerita bought a house in West Asheville -a large house - called Samayoa Place. It is still called this today. Aunt Marguerita had her nieces and nephews from different families coming to St. Genevieve's. I can remember as a young nun when a limousine would drive up in the morning and it seemed that little Samayoas came out for five minutes. At the beginning, Gloria, Lolita, Marguerita and Camillo in one family. And then a little bit later, Katie, Mary and Carmen came. Carmen came longer than anybody else. They were very striking children. They were good little students. They worked well and added a lot to the school life. I can remember that Miss Marguerita would dress them up just perfectly for the Halloween parties. I remember one Halloween party in particular. Gloria was a toreador and Lolita was a senorita with the comb in the back of her hair with a veil and everything. Their costumes were just perfect. Miss Marguerita took so much time and patience with the children that their costumes always added a lot to the parties.

Girls from Cuba also came as boarding students, but I do not remember exactly who came at that time. In the late 1940's, there was a revolution in Bogota, Colombia. It was a coup d'etat that overthrew the existing government. During the revolution, the Prime Minister, Mr. Araujo, sent his daughters to St. Genevieve's. The older girls came as boarders and the younger girls stayed with their mother in town. Also, there were other Colombian girls who came at that time. Their families wanted to get them out of Colombia because of the revolution. They stayed that year and maybe the next. Emila Araujo graduated in the Class of '48. They were a fine addition to the family.

The next thing I remember is that by the early 50's, we had twelve Cuban students. Because they applied in the spring and during the summer, we didn't realize that, by degrees, we were getting a large number of Cubans by accepting them at different times. There was trouble brewing in Cuba. One dictator after another was taking over the government. At this particular time, there was great unrest and these twelve girls, as it so happened, were equally divided between the two political parties. Well, they fussed and fussed and were at each other all the time, at recreation and in between times. Their conversations were all in Spanish and we could not tell what they were saying. They must have been saying some pretty terrible things to each other. I would have to get Edith Feliu (Mrs. Joseph M. Lalley, Jr.), who was our Spanish teacher and a Puerto Rican, to come and settle things. She would come and pour oil on troubled waters. They would calm down for awhile and then they would be at it again. They didn't fuss quietly; they were very vocal and very loud and very ferocious.

Before Christmas, I wrote a letter to their parents and I said that if they came back after Christmas, there was not to be one political word spoken at the school. I said the school couldn't stand all this division. Of course, the North American girls did not take part because they didn't know what the argument was about. I told the girls that I had written to their parents, and if they wished to come back after Christmas and finish their school year, there was to be no more fussing, no more debating political issues. Everything had to be peaceful and quiet. If not, home you go.

So they came back after Christmas and we had no political strife. They all did very, very well. At the end of that year, the faculty said not to have that many Cuban students again! First of all, they were staying together and not learning enough English. We decided that we would accept six Cubans, and in that way they would all learn English. We had so many students, alumnae and former students in Cuba, we could check each girl coming in with a microscope to see that she would be satisfactory. We did very careful reference work for the incoming Cubans, as we did with all new students.

In 1958, the girls went home for Christmas. On January 1, 1959, Fidel Castro took over the government. Now, Fidel Castro was formerly involved with the Colombian revolution, and I knew this but I did not tell the Cubans, "Watch out for Fidel Castro." I did not say a word about it because I did not know exactly how strong he was in Cuba. But when we had those twelve girls, we had a Revolution Junior. Castro had taken over during the vacation, and the Cuban girls came back saying, "Fidel, Fidel! We are "Fidelistelles." I just kept quiet and did not say one word of what I knew about him.

When March came, the Cuban girls went into the chapel every night after dinner, praying in Spanish. I was almost sure they were praying about the conditions in Cuba. When they went home for summer vacation, they did the best they could. As Castro got more and more powerful and took over the whole country, most of our students and their families left. They took what they could carry and each person had $150, and with that they left. I don't know how many girls brought their yearbooks but that was one of the things that they brought out. That loyalty was wonderful to think about.

Things got very, very bad down there, and the Cuban people who came to the U.S. left a lot of money in Cuba. Their families were very prominent. Some of their fathers had two businesses, lawyer and rice plantation owner, or doctor and owner of a sugar plantation or of apartments. They were very comfortably situated and they had to leave it all. They came to Miami and did what they could. The girls got good jobs because they could speak English; they were ladies and they were very pretty. So they got jobs almost right away. That helped out very much. Their fathers took any job they could get. I remember one father took over a bakery. Sometimes they tried to get into their former professions. If they were doctors, they would try to be doctors here, too. They had to take some kind of preliminary course so that they would know what things were in English. The Cubans in Miami were very numerous, but I think they added a great deal to the life of Miami, both economic, political, and social. They adapted very, very easily.

Our Cuban students were very intelligent, very smart people with a flair for languages. First of all, I think that the Cuban girls added an international flavor to the school because they were from another culture, with another language. I think they added greatly to the education of our girls because they got to see another group of people and see how they reacted to events.

Fulgencio Batista was the dictator that Fidel Castro overthrew in December, and he and his staff fled with $400,000,000 from the Cuban treasury. That seemed customary. When a dictator was overthrown, he absconded with the Cuban treasury, so you can imagine what that did to Cuban finances and the Cuban economy. Batista, with the $400,000,000 from the Cuban treasury, escaped and no one knew where he went - a total mystery. He just disappeared.

When I would go down to Miami to attend a Southern Association Conference, which they had every December, I would usually see the Cuban girls and have a little get-together. One girl

would bring cake, one would bring iced tea and sandwiches, and we would congregate in one of their homes. There were five or six of them and it would be so enjoyable seeing them together again. They would talk over old times and one of them said, "Mother Potts, do you remember when we used to go to town and spend $200 buying things?" I said, "Yes, I remember." "Well, we don't do that anymore."

The present story of girls from Cuba is a very happy one. They have adapted and adjusted to life in the United States. They have married and had families and they are doing very well financially. They had good jobs and their husbands had good jobs, and they have added breadth and depth and a certain kind of wisdom to Miami. Several years ago, the mayor wrote an editorial for the paper and stated how much the Cubans had contributed to life in Miami. Although they are numerous and, of course, are not all ideal, still they were law-abiding people and they adjusted very well and they took part in the life of the city. It was a very pleasant and a very happy contribution that the Cubans made.

Miss Eleanora Hunt was a very prominent lady in Asheville. She and her mother used to travel a lot. In fact, she had been around the world several times. Her mother has since died, but Miss Hunt still lives in Asheville. Back in the days when I was at the school, she would see about the Civic Music Concert tickets for us and for the girls. She was very interested in the girls and what they did and she would see them at the concerts in town.

Once, when she was on a trip around the world and was on the island of Majorca, she was staying at the Reed Hotel with an English traveling companion. She said it had been rather rainy and they would stay inside, but they had heard a rumor around the hotel that Batista and his staff occupied two floors of the Reed Hotel.

One nice day after the rain, she and her friend were out on the terrace having afternoon tea in the sunshine. At the other end of the terrace there was quite a little flurry and a large number of people. In due time, a man detached himself from the group, came over and bowed very low, and said, "I understand that one of you ladies is from the United States." Miss Hunt said, "I am." He said, "Where in the United States?" She said, "Asheville, North Carolina." So he bowed and withdrew. A few minutes later, over came Mr. Batista. She said he was impeccably dressed and had very charming manners. I have always heard that about Batista. He was a charmer. He bowed, and he said, "I understand that one of you ladies is from Asheville, North Carolina." Miss Hunt said, "I am." He said, "Do you know anything about St.-Genevieve-of-the-Pines?" She said, "Oh, yes, that is a fine school for girls and I can recommend it very highly. In fact, there are many Cuban girls that came there to school." He said, "Yes, many of my friends sent their daughters to St. Genevieve's." Then he called and said, "Maria," and a little girl about nine years old came over and she curtsied to Miss Hunt and her friend. Batista said, "Now, Maria is just nine years old, so when she is a little older, she too will go to St. Genevieve's." Maria never came. But to think there was Batista on the other side of the world talking about sending his daughter to St. Genevieve's when she got a little older.

"A Nun With A Gun"

Mr. and Mrs. William Marchman had two daughters at St. Genevieve's - Charlotte, who graduated in '58, and Anne, who graduated in '60. Charlotte came for her two last years of high school, and then Anne came in after Charlotte graduated. Mrs. Marchman was very interested in the school and they were just fine people. Mrs. Marchman said one day, "Mother Potts, you know Lorin Hall is on a remote corner of the grounds. It is far removed from the other buildings, and I often wonder about you and the girls at nighttime." I said, "Mrs. Marchman, the school is patrolled every hour; we have a nightwatchman and he makes his rounds. He has a time clock on the back porch of Lorin Hall." She said, "But in between, if anything ever happened, all the screaming in

the world would not bring anybody to your assistance. I have a little pistol - a Colt 35." I said, "Oh my goodness, that sounds horrible." She said, "It is. I had this Colt 35 when I was in the Orient. I could carry it around in my pocketbook and I felt very safe. It is small and can take five rounds of ammunition. I want to give this to you, and you can keep it where you can get to it right away. I will bring it and a supply of bullets."

It was a great handgun, so I went into the backyard with Harold, our handyman, and shot a few rounds, just to get the feel of it. Then Harold loaded it up with the bullets and I kept it in a drawer of the desk in the office. It was right where I could get to it immediately.

I was not too sure about having a pistol, so I spoke to Gene Jarvis, our faithful friend who was Assistant Chief of Police, and I told Gene that one of the mothers thought that Lorin Hall was rather remote on campus and that we should have a gun for protection. He thought it was a great idea and that it should be available to me and that I should know how to shoot it. He said, "I think I would let this be circulated around that you have a gun and that it is loaded. It won't hurt. It will increase your safety." I told the girls, "I have a Colt 35 right close where I can get it. It won't be dangerous to anybody but I can get it very quickly so we will be safe at night. I think that you should all know that we are protected." Of course, that got around town fast and furiously.

The boys in town always had a name for things. It never failed. They would ask on the days when the students were in town, "How's that pistol-packing principal coming along?" I said, "You just tell those boys that we are all cocked and fully alert." That went on for a long time. The girls thought that was just great. "Pistol-packing principal" sounded so forceful and armed and free - a nun with a gun!

The local boys in Asheville always had to cross the T's and dot the I's. One of the girls said, "Mother Potts, do you know what the boys in town call St. Genevieve's?" I said, "I have no idea what they call St. Genevieve's." "They call us the 'Angel Farm.'" I said, "My goodness, that's a good name. I hope we can live up to that. 'Farm' means that things are growing, so maybe the girls here in school could grow to be 'angels,' if they are not already." But we thought that was just a great name. The girls built a yearbook around it. The prizes were angels and so forth.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

IN MEMORIAM

This account covers the career of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an alumnus of the St. Genevieve's Prep. His mother, Mrs. Kathryn Sheridan, an aunt of Sister Mary Meehan, taught sixth grade in the Prep for many years. She was an excellent teacher and she also chaperoned the Academy girls when they would go to concerts and programs in town.

Her son, Richard (Dick) Brinsley Sheridan, entered the Prep in the fifth grade and continued in the Prep until he finished the eighth grade. During the school year, Mrs. Sheridan and Dick lived in the villa which is now the location of The Hillhaven Rest Home. They went back to South Carolina in the summertime. Dick finished the eighth grade and entered Augusta Military Academy in Augusta, Georgia. He graduated with high honors. He was accepted because of his high scholastic average. Usually a Congressman appoints a young man to West Point, but Dick entered from the Army, based on his own merits.

He loved football; it was his favorite sport. In his junior year at college, he was an end on the varsity team. He was the lightest boy on the squad. He weighed just 130 lbs. In September 1931, there was an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which came out regularly in those days, that featured how to make up a football team. Dick was pictured in this article diving through a pendant automobile tire, making a flying tackle. He did it very skillfully.

During the football season, Mrs. Sheridan made it a point of coming to Mass every single Saturday morning to pray for Dick so that he would be safe in the football game that day. On one particular day Mrs. Sheridan was in town with her relatives, listening to the football game on the radio. Army was playing Yale on October 26, 1931, in New Haven. She turned off the radio and said, "Oh, I just can't listen anymore. It makes me so nervous. I am not going to listen."

That evening after 8:30 p.m., I had put all the little Prep boarders to bed and I was sitting out on the square, the large area at the top of the stairs where the corridors branched off, doing my spiritual reading. Mrs. Sheridan passed by and said, "Oh, I am getting so popular. This is my second long distance call tonight." A few minutes later I heard her scream and if I live to be a million, I will never forget it. It is just one of the moments that you always remember - Pearl Harbor, the bank failure, the assassination of President Kennedy. I will remember exactly where I was when I heard Mrs. Sheridan scream. Dick had made a flying tackle, his neck was broken, and his spinal cord had snapped. The American Medical Association was meeting that weekend in New Haven with the greatest doctors in our country present, so if anything could have been done to save his life, it would have been done. The consensus of opinion was that Dick died on the football field, but they kept the illusion of his living until his mother arrived.

Tears were rolling down the cheeks of the little newsboys in New York City that evening as they cried out the headlines. It was unusual for the little newsboys to show such emotion. Mrs. Sheridan arrived at Penn Station in New York City and a motorcycle motorcade escorted her to West Point. Richard Sheridan's body lay in state in the West Point chapel. Years later, I read in a spiritual book an article entitled "Purity of Heart" and the article stated that each cadet in the Corps had passed by Dick's coffin and laid a white rose on top as a symbol and a tribute to his purity. They had never heard him use bad language or tell an off-color joke or story.

Dick was an outstanding student and cadet. He was president of his junior class and an honor student for his years at West Point. His funeral was marked by full military honors - the same as that accorded President Kennedy when he was assassinated. His flag-draped coffin was placed on a caisson, a riderless horse behind, with the stirrups turned backwards. When I saw President Kennedy's funeral on TV it reminded me of Dick's funeral 32 years earlier. He was

buried in the West Point cemetery. Streets were named for him in Hawaii and mountains in the Canadian Rockies and the American Rockies, too. You can barely imagine the great national outcry at this tragedy: a brilliant young cadet, an outstanding student dying such a pointless death on a football field. Ministers in their Sunday sermons mentioned it. Articles in newspapers and magazines all condemned the rules of a game that could injure and kill promising young men.

One of the referees or umpires who was officiating at the Army/Yale game that afternoon and who heard Dick Sheridan's spinal cord snap, was walking up and down on the football field that night, sobbing as if his heart would break. He could not bear the idea of this life being snuffed out right before his eyes. Later he wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* and the article was entitled "Football, Not For My Son." The rules of football were changed and many plays were outlawed - no more flying tackles. Many other dangerous parts of the game were cut off to make the game safer for the players, although sometimes you wonder when you see the professional and college football players piling up, if it really is safer. You hope so. Maybe the intricate rules have helped.

In the summer of 1932, West Point erected a white marble memorial bench in memory of Cadet Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The bench was placed above Flirtation Walk, overlooking the Hudson River. Mrs. Sheridan, all in white and looking very distinguished, was present for the ceremony. The junior class gave her his class ring and different cadets would write to her, especially his best friends at West Point. I can remember her showing me a letter that she had gotten. All it said on the envelope was "Dick Sheridan's Mother" and she got it down in Asheville at St. Genevieve's. She said, "Look, this came. It came from a little newsboy in New York." These little gestures touched her deeply.

In mid-term, Mrs. Sheridan had a special plaque made to be hung in the West Point Hall of Fame. It was a tribute to the Cadet Corps and Reverend Mother Lorin lettered it. She could letter perfectly, very deeply chiseled in a very fine calligraphy design. I have always felt very close to Mrs. Sheridan because she reminded me so much of my own mother. She looked a lot like her and they had a lot of the same great characteristics: strong, brave, courageous, just. She and I were fast friends over the years. She was teaching at St. Genevieve's before I started to teach, so I knew her before I entered the convent, and I knew her when I was a novice. I started teaching in 1929. She taught mathematics in the sixth grade and that was my first class. Dick was not killed until 1931, but she stayed on at St. Genevieve's for many years after that. She was a great lady and a wonderful person.

I am remembering Don York, another alumnus of St. Genevieve's Prep who entered West Point later. I will start at the beginning of the 1950 decade.

Joe C. Williams, from Corpus Christi, Texas, was Don York's roommate at Stanton Prep School in Cornwall, New York. This school was a preparation for West Point. Don would occasionally bring Joe to his home in Asheville during the holidays because Corpus Christi was so far away. When they were both at West Point, Joe continued to visit the York family at different times. One summer he met Ann Clark, Class of '51, and they started going together. Ann often brought Joe out to St. Genevieve's when he was down for a visit. I spoke to him once about Dick Sheridan, who was by then a legend at West Point. Joe was greatly surprised to learn that Dick Sheridan had been a student at St. Genevieve's for four years. I told him that "Prospice" by Robert Browning was Dick Sheridan's favorite poem and that when we reached the Victorian poets (Browning and Tennyson, and their poems about death), I always told the Senior English class the story of Dick Sheridan and the white marble memorial bench. Several weeks later when Joe returned to West Point, he sent me several pictures of the Dick Sheridan memorial bench from different angles and close enough to read the inscription. This was a typically thoughtful gesture on Joe's part. I kept the pictures in my literature book and showed them, each year, to the seniors when I told about Dick.

To continue about Joe, he and Ann were married after he finished West Point. In his Air Force career, Joe was stationed in Thailand, Laos, France, and other places. He retired from the Air Force with the rank of colonel and he and Ann now have four grown children - two boys and two girls. After he retired, Joe began work on a Ph.D. and is now making great strides in the Department of Continuing Education for the State of Texas. They are doing research and improving standards and doing wonderful things for education in that state.

Don York attended St. Genevieve's Prep and finished the eighth grade. His mother, his two aunts, and his sister preceded him at St. Genevieve's. His brother came after him. After completing the eighth grade, Don went to Prep school in Cornwall, New York, in preparation for West Point. He graduated from West Point and two weeks later married Joanna Mooney. Eventually, they had two children - Michael and Anna Katherine. In the early years of the Vietnam War, Don was sent to Vietnam to serve in the airborne infantry. He volunteered on a mission to pick up several electrical engineers. On the return trip, driving along the Saigon Bell Cap Highway, Don was with a Vietnamese captain whom he had trained. Four jeeps had safely preceded them. His was the fifth. They were ambushed and Don was killed on July 14, 1962. It had been rumored that the Viet Cong had said, "We are going to get that tall blonde captain." It was thought to be a betrayal of some sort.

Several months before that, Secretary of Defense Robert MacNamara had named Don the most representative soldier in the U.S. Army. The Army magazine was in publication when Don was killed. His picture appeared the next month on the front cover of the Army magazine and along with him was a representative of the Vietnamese Army. This was planned before Don was killed, but it was a fitting tribute and a memorial also, because it was published after his death.

In the Aberdeen Proving and Testing Grounds in Maryland, Building 359 was named for Captain Don York. Virginia York Cochran, Don's mother, gave in his memory a flag pole and a U.S. flag to St. Genevieve's which was erected between Madonna Hall and Sharry Hall. We had a dedication ceremony in the fall in the presence of the entire student body of the three departments. I gave a little speech and Father Henri Blanc, the school chaplain, blessed the flagpole and the flag. Don's two children, Michael and Anna Katherine, presented the flag and helped raise it with the assistance of each president of the three departments. At the base of the flagpole was a brass plaque inscribed in memory of Captain Don York. Low-growing shrubbery surrounded the base of the flagpole. In 1988, Virginia York Cochran came to St. Genevieve's to give me information about Don. I was telling her that we were including him in the school history, along with the story of Cadet Richard Sheridan. Virginia said, "Mother Potts, you will be surprised to learn that Dick Sheridan and I were in the same class from the fifth grade through the Prep, and we were in strong competition for the rosette."

This is just another remarkable example of the close connections and the heartwarming bonds that surrounded and tie together all the students at SGP down through the generations.

After Captain Don York's death, Joe Williams, his former roommate at Stanton Prep School and fellow cadet at West Point, wrote a tribute to Don for the West Point magazine. The two-page article was an excellent commendation of Don's career in the Army. Joe quoted from his own favorite poem to illustrate Don's faithfulness to duty:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

This quotation from Robert Frost's poem ties together two great Southeast Asian heroes - Dr. Tom Dooley in Laos and Captain Don York in Vietnam.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

CLOSING EXERCISES

Final Honor Roll

With increased enrollment, we needed a special time for the Final Honor Roll, which was held in the auditorium the last Saturday before Commencement. The faculty sat on the stage and the girls were in the audience with any parents who wanted to come. It was a very fine occasion.

This final Honor Roll consisted of giving ribbons. The ribbons depended upon the general average. The girls had two averages. One was for their major subjects - four or five major subjects - and the other was for their miscellaneous subjects. Those that gave a half credit were music or art appreciation, French conversation or dramatics, speech, rules, courtesy, and attendance. Those two averaged together determined whether they got a ribbon. If their general average was 95 or above, they got a blue ribbon, and of course, there were not very many blue ribbons. Between 93 and 95, they got a red ribbon. From 90-93, they got a yellow ribbon.

I remember the final Honor Roll back in 1950. One student had come to St. Genevieve's not very well prepared, so she repeated the freshman year. I think this may have done something for her, because at the final Honor Roll she received a yellow ribbon. When her name was called out, she gave the happiest little cry and came running up the aisle to get her yellow ribbon. I just have never forgotten the joy on her face as she clasped it to her heart. It was all so spontaneous. The student body gave her loud and long applause. I had tears in my eyes. We were so proud of her. She had not planned to go to college, but she went to college for four years and did very credible work. So this yellow ribbon changed her whole life. She said, "I don't think I have ever been any happier than I was the day I received that yellow ribbon and could take it home and show it to my mother."

Then the medals were given for English composition - the girl who had made the most progress. Several girls received neatness of bedroom. That meant they had to get 100 all the way through. There was also a medal for attendance. If the girl had won an individual tournament, she got a medal for that. In sports, the girls would receive letters for their Pineer points. Awards were based on the yearly totals. It was all very important to them and part of final Honor Roll.

Then the sports trophies were given out: one for basketball, softball, and volleyball. Those trophies were given to the team captains. Class officers could never be a team captain, which allowed more girls to take part and learn to be leaders.

After the trophies came the commendation cards. That was something we started in the last part of the 50's. A girl could receive a commendation card from her teacher if she had worked well or had been very faithful about something. These commendation cards were a mark of recognition for some superior effort, attitude or attribute or something a girl had done very well; the girls treasured these cards because it meant that somebody, one of their teachers, had recognized their effort or their achievement. It was not an Honor Roll and had nothing to do with grades. They were little marks of competence, of honor, little marks of tribute that the girls received. They were awarded by members of the faculty. The girls could sometimes come confidentially and recommend to the faculty that a girl should have a commendation and the faculty member could do something about it. It was one way of letting the students know that the faculty and the Sisters recognized that they had done something in an unusual way.

The report cards were mailed out after school closed and we had gotten ourselves collected after the rigors of commencement. On the report card were their grades and on the inside and on the back it announced whether or not they would be invited back for the next year. If a girl was not

invited back, she was warned during the second semester maybe two or three times that if she continued her behavior or her poor scholastic record, she would not be invited back. The parents were also warned. They would receive a letter that the student was not working up to ability or was causing disturbance, not obeying the rules, a bad influence, or whatever. It was always a very serious reason if a girl was not invited back. Some girls told us afterwards that they looked at the back of their report card before they looked inside, to see if they were invited back. Inviting students back was a positive thing. I had gotten this idea, too, from the military school.

Sometimes, all you had to do was give a girl one warning and she completely changed. On the third floor of Lorin Hall we had a room we used as a storage room, where we duplicated the tests, and where we kept all kinds of school supplies. On the door it said "Coping Room." It was the only room where you could take someone to have a little talk with them. I remember taking Mary in and telling her that I wanted to speak to her. I said, "Mary, you are not working up to your ability. You're wasting your parents' money. Your parents have made a big sacrifice to send you to St. Genevieve's, and you are not behaving yourself." She said, "What you mean is I have to shape up or ship out." She said that was the turning point in her whole life. She said she realized the sacrifices her parents were making; she knew that all of us loved her and cared about her and were anxious for her to succeed. She was very popular, but she was not behaving and she was caught in some trouble in little ways and big ways, too. But after that one warning, she changed completely. I remember after I had talked to her, I said, "Let's just see a new person," and I put my arms around her and gave her a big hug. I said, "Now, this is the end of the old Mary and we want to see a new Mary." You see, we really loved those girls so much and it was very hard to take them into the Coping Room for any reason whatsoever; but to have them come through as she did just shows what character she had underneath the frivolous exterior she exposed to everybody.

Baccalaureate

Baccalaureate was a very prominent and enjoyable affair, usually on the Sunday afternoon before commencement started. It was in the chapel. There was a processional and the college girls wore their caps and gowns and the Academy girls wore short white dresses and white veils. The students sat in front and the Sisters and the faculty and parents sat in the back part of the chapel. There was a hymn and then there was a baccalaureate address which was usually very solemn and lasted about a half-hour to forty-five minutes. The baccalaureate ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; then the girls marched out. After baccalaureate, there was a tea in the Holy Garden; and if it was rainy, we held it on the big front porch which extended all around the building. The tea was for the graduates and their families and usually consisted of punch and sandwiches and cookies. It was a pleasant event because the parents could meet the faculty, and everybody could be together out there in the garden.

Commencement and Memories

In the first few years, closing exercises were held during the last part of May or the first part of June. There was no graduation. The closing exercises were in the Battery Park Hotel ballroom and it seems that the attendance was very large as the enrollment increased. They were always very elaborate programs and every child performed in some way or another.

When the school moved out to Victoria Road, closing exercises were held in the "auditorium," which was the study hall. For Commencement or for the closing exercises, the stage was advanced to the first post. The windows were covered with draperies and there was a curtain that was pulled back and forth. The partition between the back of the study hall and the large

classroom was removed, which made the auditorium larger, but it was still very small and the stage was also very small.

The commencement or closing exercises usually followed a general pattern over the years but there were two exceptions. I remember that one year the Prep gave a darling little musical entitled "The Princess Has a Birthday." Sally Watson was the princess. Her mother was a concert soprano and Sally inherited her mother's voice. She was just a little girl in about the sixth grade. She sang beautifully. Her voice was clear and true. Of course, there were a King and Queen and Ladies-in-Attendance. The boys were palace guards and they did a little number and a drill. It was charming. They never gave anything on that large a scale again. It was too hard on the children and too hard on the Sisters. The other exception was when the Academy gave the "Chimes of Normandy," which I have already mentioned.

The times of the commencement or closing exercises changed from year to year. There was not a hard and fast rule. The senior college commencement proceeded as follows: first there was the processional, then the hymn to the Holy Spirit, and the salutatory, a vocal number or maybe a piano solo, the valedictory, the awarding of degrees and prizes, the commencement address, and the recessional. That was the general practice for the senior college. The girls wore black caps and gowns.

When the senior college no longer existed, the junior college had the same sort of commencement, awarding the AA degree. The girls wore white caps and gowns, with a little red taffeta stole and hood that hung down in back.

When the junior college closed and the School for Secretaries came into existence, commencement was held in the afternoon, usually during the last week in May. The girls had the procession, the hymn to the Holy Spirit, some kind of musical selection - they had been trained by Dr. Frank Edwinn - then they received their certificates and their awards for speed in typing and accuracy in taking shorthand. They received regular national awards, which were pins and were very prized and hard to earn. These were national competitions for the record, and to get a special award in that was a very high honor. There was an address and then the recessional. There was a tea for the girls and their families in the garden.

The Academy commencement was usually in the evenings up until 1958 and then it was in the mornings, which pleased the parents very much because they did not have to stay overnight. The procedure was the same. First was the procession with "Pomp and Circumstance." Each senior chose a little flower girl who bore her bouquet which usually consisted of red roses and baby's breath. After the graduates' procession came the speaker and then the clergy and the bishop, if he was able to come to commencement.

When the girls got on the stage, the little flower girls curtsied and presented them with their bouquets and they stood there and sang the hymn to the Holy Spirit. After that the flower girls left the stage and the salutatorian gave the salutatory and welcomed the guests. Then followed - in a four-year cycle - "The Watch of St. Genevieve" (I wrote the words and May Jo de Nardo composed the music), then "The Ballad for Americans," then "The Lady of Shalott" (with music by May Jo de Nardo), and finally, "The Land of the Sky" (I wrote the words and Sister Madeline LeBlanc composed the music). These four selections were under the direction of Dr. Edwinn. After this came the valedictory, the presentation of the diplomas, a few awards, and the announcing of the girls who had attained college scholarships. Then came the commencement address.

After the commencement address, the girls came off the stage and usually filed out of the auditorium to the driveway outside. The parents who were sitting in front were the last ones to get to their daughters. So I talked to the girls and said, "When you file off the stage, just line up right in front of the stage with your diplomas and your flowers and your parents can get to you first." So that was the procedure, year after year.

The commencement exercises for the girls' grammar school were usually in the afternoon and followed a procedure more or less the same. The eighth grade girls were dressed in short white dresses and carried a small bouquet of spring flowers, marched in procession to "Pomp and Circumstance," and lined up on the stage. They sang the hymn to the Holy Spirit and usually a special chorus. Then there was the awarding of the small diplomas and the prizes. There was an address. The Sister who was principal usually presented the girls with the diplomas and prizes. It ended with a recessional coming out of the auditorium. So, having the Academy commencement in the morning, the girls' grammar school in the afternoon, and Gibbons Hall School for Boys in the evening was the final schedule for many years.

Gibbons Hall closing exercises were called Class Night. It was always a very impressive ceremony. They had a processional and the boys marched in and sat in the front part of the auditorium with the audience. Then they had a program of one kind or another. First of all was the hymn to the Holy Spirit. I remember one particular program was a salute to the armed forces: the Army, Navy, Air Force, and the Marines. The eighth grade boys gave a paper on each one of these and the boys' chorus sang their respective songs. Afterwards was the distribution of prizes and awards. Usually, the boys received books. I thought that was a very wise choice. Their names were read out and the trophies were given for sports. The headmaster gave the address and gave the eighth grade boys fine advice for their future. After that, their parents and everybody else came up and congratulated them.

Commencement was usually the first week in June and usually on a Monday, Tuesday, or a Wednesday for all three departments.

What follows are little post scripts about commencement - things that happened that no one knew about, but I think made history.

Every year I had to drill the girls about the title of the school. I said, "Now, if you say St. Genevieve's by itself, you say 'I go to St. Genevieve's, with an apostrophe-s, but if you add 'of-the-Pines' you say 'St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines." The newspaper was always very good about this. They rarely ever made a mistake. I used to drill the girls every year on saying St. Genevieve's or St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines.

One particular year the speaker got up and started his speech by saying that he felt very honored to be chosen as the speaker for the commencement exercises at St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines. When he said this, all the heads turned right to me in the corner behind the wing. They all raised their eyebrows as if to say, "Look what the speaker's done!" Later, when the Sisters said, "You know when the speaker came to the stage, all of a sudden the girls turned their heads to the right, just as if a button had been pushed."

Another memorable event was in the Class of '48. They were performing Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott." In the poem, the Lady weaves a tapestry by looking at the reflection of the real world in a mirror. Sir Lancelot came along on the road beneath her window, and his bright armor flashed in her mirror. She turned and took the forbidden look. The poem says:

"The mirror cracked from side to side,
The web flew far and wide,
The curse has come upon me, cried
The Lady of Shalott."

When Lena sang, "The curse has come upon me," it just gave one goose pimples. You could hear her clear down to Biltmore Avenue. Usually, when she was practicing, she did not use the high note because the students in school would wonder what was happening. But that night, she came forth, and it was a powerful note.

Lena went to the University of Rochester in New York and majored in music and minored in English because she said, "Suppose something happens to my voice; then I could teach English."

While she was at Rochester, the Metropolitan Opera wanted her. She was not tall. She was not impressive. She wasn't beautiful, just a nice looking girl. They wanted her to sing in grand opera and said that they would train her. They told her it would mean giving her life to opera. She had the voice and the ability, but she just didn't feel that she could give her whole life to music. So she did not take it. She was a Greek girl, and we later learned she had married and lived in Greece.

In June, 1950, we did "Ballad for Americans." We were blessed with the Shope twins, Jean and Joan. They played beautifully so they were the accompanists. We often wondered what happened to one of the bouquets for commencement that year. I counted them when Robinson's Flower Shop delivered them in the afternoon, two or three times. They were all safe and arranged in perfect order. Each girl picked up her bouquet.

That night, Dr. Edwinn wanted to have the girls warm up before they went across in procession to the auditorium. The two Shope girls were practicing, but when they got up from the piano, one bouquet was missing. We searched and searched and we could not find it anywhere so I ran across to the auditorium - I knew Mrs. Robinson would be there, and I found her and said, "Mrs. Robinson, something has happened to one of the girl's bouquets." She said, "Mother Potts, I had the right number." I said, "I know you did. I counted them and they were all right there. She had her bouquet before she sat down at the piano. It has disappeared and we can't find it anywhere." She said, "I will run into town and make another one. I will be right back." So she got in her car, went into town very fast with her son and made up the bouquet on the way back. We were just a little bit late starting. We did not get to start at 8:08.

Another thing happened in that commencement. One of the girls, Jean, was going to graduate. Her aunt had paid her tuition as a boarder for her junior and senior years. In choosing the flower girl, her aunt had already asked if her little daughter could be Jean's flower girl. We had made a strong rule that the flower girls could not be any younger than five years old and not older than seven so they wouldn't tower over the senior. Jean's little cousin was younger. She was just maybe two-and-a-half or three. So she came every day and practiced. We would give her a big bouquet of weeds to take up the steps onto the stage, and she did fairly well. Jean practiced and practiced with her about curtsying. They had to do it almost automatically because when they got up on the stage in front of people, sometimes they forgot what they were supposed to do. First chord they were to step out, second chord they curtsied, and third chord they turned around.

She was doing it correctly the last few days. The morning of commencement she had fallen down the back steps and had scraped her little face. It was not bleeding anymore, and she had on a beautiful little dress. When they were over in the old gym, lined up and practicing for "Ballad for Americans," she started crying. She didn't just cry, she screamed. She was drowning out the girls. So I got the girls lined up, and I said, "Now, Jean, I hope she will quiet down and things will be all right."

So we lined up, and the girls were coming along, and I was standing right there at the back of the auditorium. I got the flowers fixed the right way for each little girl. The girls would leave a space between them as they came out. I kept looking for Jean, and when she came in the door of the auditorium, she shook her head. No flower girl. I was standing in the doorway, and I could see Jean coming about five or six girls back, so I had time.

Right across from me, standing on the other side of the doorway, watching the whole thing was a little girl dressed in white. I ran across to her and I said, "Do you think you could be a flower girl?" She nodded her head, yes. She had a little red shoulder pocketbook so I took it off, and I saw an FBI agent at the back of the auditorium. I threw him the little red pocketbook, and I figured it was in safekeeping. When Jean came up, the little girl took the bouquet and started up the aisle just doing fine.

Jean was right at the end of the line, and as soon as she went, I went around outside on the driveway and came up on the stage. It so happened that Jean was right across from me. I just

nodded my head at the little girl. When the three chords struck, she came out the right way, curtsied, presented the flowers to Jean and then turned back around. Then she put her arms up and gave herself a little hug, and I put my thumb and my finger together and made a little sign to her that she had done fine. She had; she was just like a veteran.

After the seniors sang "Come, Holy Spirit," they proceeded off the stage. After commencement, Jean came out to St. Genevieve's and said, "Mother Potts, do you know who that little girl was who was my flower girl?" I said, "I have no idea, but I will ask the Sisters to see if they know who she is." She said, "I would like to give her a nice, big present. She was just so great to fill in." I said, "Jean, you can see why I do not want to go below five years." She said, "Yes, I see. You just never can tell."

When the Sisters were at recreation, I said, "Would anyone by any chance know who Jean's little flower girl was? Have you ever seen her before?" We didn't find out until a year later, but we never found out what happened to that bouquet! We searched the building from the tower down through every single room. It was the mystery of the missing bouquet. It just disappeared as though it had evaporated.

In August, the children came to register for school for the first grade. Mother Joubert would take them down and show them where the first grade was; then she would say, "If you do very well, maybe a senior will choose you to be a flower girl at commencement." One child's mother said, "She has already been a flower girl." Mother Joubert said, "She has?" She said, "Yes, a little flower girl could not do her part and so Mary filled in. She got to be a flower girl ahead of time. Her sister was a flower girl this past June. I brought her out every day to watch the practice. Commencement night, her sister was getting all dressed in white, and she wanted to wear her white dress, too. She was ready to be a flower girl, but she didn't know she was going to be called on." So I called Jean and I said, "We have found the mystery flower girl. She will be in the first grade this year." So Jean sent her a lovely present.

Another commencement postscript: The girls of the Class of '40 were all onstage with their bouquets in their laps and the diplomas were being given out. When their names were called, they put their bouquets on the chair and went down to get their diplomas. One of the girls had hay fever and was allergic to the baby's breath in the bouquet. So she started to sneeze and gave me a little sign. I said, "Tell her to pass her bouquet down." So she passed it down from one to another into the wings. After that, when we discussed what kind of flowers the girls were going to have for their bouquets, I said, "Now, are any of you allergic to baby's breath?" and I would then tell them about the girl and how she sneezed and sneezed. I said, "If you are allergic to roses or baby's breath or any type of flower, please let me know because we want you to be able to enjoy your bouquet." You just can never tell what is going to happen. Those are some of the things that went on behind the scenes that made commencements.

....and thus endeth my small part in St. Genevieve's history. I trust my dear readership will bear with this informal, rather spontaneous account. I would like to think that it will recall and re-emphasize the knowledge and moral values learned at St. Genevieve's. I hope and faithfully pray that the love, influence, and dedication embedded and instilled in each student will reverberate and surge in every young woman through generation after generation down through the years...in her having been lovingly trained for the "World-Here-And-Now" and devotedly prepared for the "World-Without-End. Amen."

EPILOGUE

After the departure of Mother Margaret Potts in 1967, St. Genevieve's found itself in a situation without remedy due mainly to the decline in the number of young women of teaching ability entering the Order and the aging of those who had been available to carry out many other duties and responsibilities.

An understandable lack of funds denied the school the means to carry on in its time-honored way. To afford a salaried teaching staff was financially impossible.

As difficulties mounted, finding a solution was imperative, not only to provide continued instruction for those students then enrolled but also to find means for the elderly nuns to enjoy safety and serenity in their remaining years.

Suffice to say the decision was reached in 1987 by a board of people deeply concerned for the welfare of all those to be affected. The merger of St. Genevieve's and Asheville Country Day became a reality and the burden was lifted.

For a more complete account of the continued operation of St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall during the difficult but inspiring years from 1967-1987, the reader is directed to the notes of Joseph M. Lalley, Jr., headmaster from 1960-1984. Mr. Lalley has outlined the heroic efforts and admirable generosity of those who strove to maintain the school's existence.

Carolina Day School came into being from the merger of two distinguished schools, both of supreme importance to their alumni and to the future. With the subsequent acquisition of the Saint Genevieve/Gibbons Hall land and remaining buildings by the Asheville-Buncombe Technical Community College, another educational facility found a suitable and very beautiful site for its operations.

As Mother Potts, who was first a principal and then Mother Superior for a period covering 26 years, has said, perhaps a bit wistfully, "Our loyalty is not to stone upon stone." The razing of the old, main building is remembered with great nostalgia, but its sad demise did not bring an end to St. Genevieve's. Loyalty to one's school is born of one's experience and the response to care and to many things of the spirit.

Those who have reserved a permanent place in their hearts for St. Genevieve's can take comfort in the fact that its doors were never closed as were those of many other fine institutions of learning. By merging, a remnant of its benign and happy past remains.

By generously helping to publish and distribute these memoirs Carolina Day School recognizes and honors the heritage St. Genevieve's offers. With its own determination to bring the highest standards in training and education to its students, the administration and faculty can realize and share the goals very simply and lovingly described by Mother Potts.

"We wanted to develop character and help each individual student through learning and moral guidance to find fulfillment and grow into a worthwhile person."

This gift bestowed so abundantly to so many over past years can continue to be proffered in the name of all who were a part of St. Genevieve's undertaking.

Olivia Rhodes Woodin '37

Although St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines earned a reputation as an outstanding educational institution, it was the direction, dedication, competency, and resourcefulness of its faculty that nurtured its traditions and attracted students to its campus. The Academy, for example, was referred to as Pottsville by some of Mother Potts' admirers during her twenty-five year tenure as head of the Academy. Margaret Mary Betts was a well-thought-of English and history teacher in both the Academy and Junior College. Mother Delamare, an excellent French teacher, is also remembered for the fine dramatic productions she directed. Mother Stelling, a ham radio operator and Boston Red Sox fan, was among the first teachers selected by the National Science Foundation to study the new mathematics programs of the 1960's. She had a long and distinguished career as a mathematics teacher. Mary Keetch, whose daughter attended the Academy, enjoyed a long tenure as a history teacher. Dr. Frank Edwin, a well-known opera singer, directed many of the Academy's musical productions.

The honor roll of Academy teachers also includes Nancy Schwoyer, an SGP alumna, English teacher, and Principal of the Academy. Mary Claire Clancy, a talented biology teacher, became Principal of the Academy. Madame Jack Guillebeau, Chairman of the Foreign Language Department, enjoyed a fine reputation of as French teacher.

During the same era when Mother Potts was of Head of the Academy and Mr. Pinto was Headmaster of Gibbons Hall, Mother Kathleen Winters, directed St. Genevieve's Prep, the girls' grammar school. Mother Winters, who holds a Master of Arts degree in United States History, received a number of National Science Foundation grants to study and teach physics. She later became the very able Principal of Asheville Catholic High School. Mother Geoffrion, who taught French and art in all three departments, was loved because her students knew that she wanted nothing but the best from them. Mother Mary Gannon, Eileen McCabe, Mary Gibson, Mother Mary Meehan, and Mother Ethel Lunsford were key teachers in the Prep for many years.

The late Mother Mary Quinn, another outstanding English, reading, and mathematics teacher who had previously taught in both the Academy and the Prep, became Principal of the Prep shortly after Mother Winter's was reassigned. Oriel Jarrett began her long and distinguished career at the Prep as a kindergarten teacher. Later she became equally respected as a mathematics teacher, first in the Prep, then in the Academy, and finally at The Asheville School. Therese Guilka Brewer, a graduate of St. Genevieve and a very capable science and English teacher, led the Prep's faculty through its initial accreditation by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools when she was Principal of the Prep. Elaine Fitch Scagnali, a superb science teacher, enthusiastic friend of young people, and graduate of the Academy, was the last Principal of the Prep. Later she was recognized as the Outstanding Teacher of the Year for her work in the Orange County, N. C. public school system.

The graduates of Gibbons Hall School for Boys talk almost reverently of Mother Farragher's English classes. They remember how Tina Hutton insisted that they master the fundamentals of English grammar and composition. They recall with fondness the kind but businesslike Col. Duncan Sinclair, a retired West Pointer who taught social studies and science. They speak with gratitude when they talk of Mary Jane Maloney Leone. A gifted classroom teacher, she knew how to reach teenagers. They always ask about William Culbreth, social studies and Latin teacher, who became Assistant Headmaster in the mid-1960's. They remember with obvious affection the other nuns who taught them, Mother Anna Joubert, Mother Marie Day, Mother Yvonne Hache, and Mother Elizabeth Landry who later became Superior of St. Genevieve's. They recollect the elaborate and well-received music productions and the efforts of Lou McAfoos and Kitty Johnson whose skill, stamina, and generosity made them possible. Mrs. Johnson, a graduate of the

Peabody Conservatory of Music and an accomplished musician, taught piano lessons to generations of students and continues to contribute hours of her personal time to a wide range of musical activities in the Asheville community.

There were so many others - far too numerous to enumerate - whose tenures were no less significant in the lives of young people or in the school community. Mother Potts speaks for many when she writes, "The longer I live, the more I am convinced that St. Genevieve's school spirit is unique. It has a certain spiritual force, whole-hearted loyalty, devoted service, happy camaraderie, a real sense of belonging to a large family of all ages..."

ST. GENEVIEVE-OF-THE-PINES 1967-1971

After Mother Potts left St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines in 1967, Mother Dorothy McGuire, who had distinguished herself as a mathematics teacher, was appointed Superior during the last three years of the school's operation by the Order. These were especially difficult times. The decline of the number of young women entering the Order came to a virtual standstill and many sisters who had served the school so well for so long were no longer able to teach. The cost of taking care of those who were no longer to care for themselves increased geometrically.

There were other factors that compounded the problems of these years. The national economy and the great waves of national social unrest had their impacts on boarding school enrollments throughout the United States. The enrollment of the Academy which had as many as eighty boarders in peak years dropped to fewer than forty boarders during this time. Day school enrollments fell as well.

ST. GENEVIEVE-GIBBONS HALL 1971-1987

With deep regret, the Order announced the closing of Saint Genevieve-of-the-Pines, which at that time included the Secretarial School, the Academy, the Prep, and Gibbons Hall School for Boys at a called meeting of parents in April 1971. After this announcement, many spoke of what they felt was a potentially tragic loss to the Asheville community. During these discussions they formed a Pro-Tem Committee to devise ways to keep the school operating.

One month later, the committee announced that they had secured a lease from the Order to rent the campus, had raised over $30,000 in annual giving pledges, had completed an agreement with the Order permitting the sisters to retain their use of the convent, chapel, and dining hall, had registered 190 students, and had retained many key members of the faculty including three sisters. Their projected budget for the 1971-72 year, however, was still short $15,000. When the committee expressed its reluctance to begin the school's operation with a known deficit, fifteen families pledged a thousand dollars each during the meeting. The arrangement also enabled Mother Ann Zeleznik and the Order to keep St. Genevieve's Secretarial School in operation.[1]

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[1] After St. Genevieve's Jr. College closed in the mid-1950's, its business department, under the direction of Mother Zeleznik, continued to operate under the name St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines Secretarial School. Ester Decker, a professional musician until illness forced her to retire, taught the school's moral guidance course. She also taught many students how to play Contract Bridge during the after-lunch free time.

For many years businessmen of the Asheville community and government agencies actively recruited graduates of the school because they knew how well-prepared they were. The Secretarial School closed in

Budgetary considerations, however, forced a thorough reorganization of the school. St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall, as the reorganized school was known, became a non-sectarian, independent, coeducational, day school for students in kindergarten through grade nine, owned and operated by a Board of Trustees elected by parents.

Very quickly, the reorganized school demonstrated that it had successfully retained the educational standards that had won St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines its reputation for excellence. As in prior years, the heart of the school was its faculty. Mother Joubert and Mother Day, each of whose distinguished careers as primary teachers extended well beyond half a century, were mainstays in Pinto Hall. Lucy Ross, an exceptional teacher among outstanding colleagues, taught third grade and middle grade English. She became a legend during her teaching career and a household word in the school's community. Joan Hall, an unusually talented pre-school teacher, enjoyed the universal respect and affection of parents, colleagues, and, of course, students.

Patricia Anderson, who had taught in the Academy during its last years, was another exceptional and devoted English teacher. Subsequently, she taught English at Carolina Day School prior to her appointment to the English Department at The Asheville School. L. Gregory Gamble is remembered, not only as a science teacher and Assistant Headmaster, but as an outstanding soccer coach and friend of young people. He served as Interim Headmaster during the 1984-85 academic year. Pamela Reid, former Head of the Middle School of Carolina Day School and now The Dean of Students at The Asheville School and geometry teacher, was a resourceful and successful mathematics teacher. Katherine Brondyke, Patsy Scott Riddle who joined the faculty of Carolina Day School in 1987 and Sherry Faires won reputations as highly creative second and third grade teachers. Mary Frank, a professional artist, consistently elicited the best from her art students, many of whom won honors in local, regional, and national contests. Deborah Wolcott, who now teaches at Carolina Day School, kept alive the St. Genevieve's tradition for teaching French well. Jerry Hess, quarterback for the Little All-America Football team during his playing days at Hiram College, a professional basketball and baseball player, and former Athletic Director at Christ School, directed the school's athletic program. Although his teams were often short on numbers and talent, they compiled impressive records and had the reputation as being well coached. He later joined the coaching staff at The Asheville School. Janet Thompson, who along with her assistant Hilde Kopf, made the Saint Genevieve-of-the-Pines Library the finest in the Southeast, was an integral part of the school community. She, too, was a member of the Carolina Day School faculty.

The re-organized school amalgamated the best features of the programs for the Academy, the Prep and Gibbons Hall. Its philosophy sought to develop in each student a sense of self-worth through a curriculum which helped them to become confident by being competent. Every student's moral development remained a paramount concern. Teachers worked with parents to help students develop sound study habits. The curriculum, an eclectic yet pragmatic blend of traditional and modern techniques and programs, was accelerated and expanded. Girls now had their own house teams. The athletic program was expanded to include interscholastic competition in football, soccer, basketball, field hockey, and softball. The school's graduates continued to win academic and athletic honors in high school and in college.

From 1972 through 1987, the school and its trustees worked diligently to improve its operations. The trustees authorized the construction of two athletic fields, replaced all the the leaking underground steam lines, rebuilt the decrepit and malfunctioning central heating plant, and financed many other property improvement. By 1980, the school had completed over $100,000 worth of capital improvements, an especially impressive sum since tuitions and annual giving campaigns also paid for the annual lease.

1980 when Mother Zeleznik retired after a long and distinguished career as teacher and Treasurer for St. Genevieive-of-the-Pines.

Despite significant and increasing pressures on its operating budget, the school continued the St. Genevieve's tradition of providing assistance to families having demonstrable financial needs. This program was in keeping with the school's stated admissions policy which attracted students representing a broad cross-section of the Asheville community.

The school was re-accredited in 1976 by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools and by the State Department of Public Instruction. In 1977 the faculty and staff had their first retirement and health insurance plan financed by the school. Salaries improved significantly as well. In 1980, the Board launched its first capital funds drive to secure funds to make a down-payment for the purchase of the campus and to make much needed capital improvements.

The enrollments of St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall continued to grow throughout the seventies. During the 1977-78 school year enrollment reached 271 students. The declining Buncombe County birthrate began to manifest itself in the school's enrollment during the 1982-83 school year. Despite a very generous and enlarged scholarship budget, the national inflation rate and a poor economy made it more difficult for some potential patrons to enroll their children. Enrollments declined slightly each year that followed.

In 1987, the Boards of Trustees for Saint Genevieve/Gibbons Hall and Asheville Country Day School completed their merger talks which had been held over a period of years. Carolina Day School, as the combined school is known, is fortunate to have inherited many of its strengths, traditions, and support from the legacies of both Asheville Country Day School and St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines.

Joseph M. Lalley, Jr., 1992
Headmaster, St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall, 1971-1984
Headmaster, St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines, 1969-1971
Headmaster, Gibbons Hall School for Boys, 1960-1969
Mathematics Instructor and Athletic Director,
Gibbons Hall School for Boys, 1950-1960

College Building
tration Building
Gymnasium ~ Auditorium

St. Genevieve of the Pines, Asheville, North Carolina, 1920